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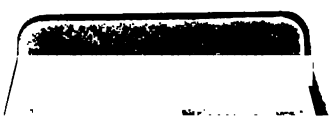

MAN'S DEPARTURE.

MAN'S DEPARTURE

AND

THE INVISIBLE WORLD:

A Collection of Opinions and Facts

By G. H. H. OLIPHANT-FERGUSON.

"And with the morn, those angel faces smile,
That I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

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MAN'S DEPARTURE.

CHAPTER I.

LIFE, DEATH, ETERNITY.

"Life, death, eternity, momentous themes
Are they, and might demand a seraph tongue,
Were they not equal to their own support;
And therefore no incompetence of mine
Could do them wrong."

When a man is about to travel in a far and unknown country, he studies, with profound attention, the impressions produced on other travellers by even distant views of that land to which he is going to journey. He strives to obtain the best information as to the course he ought to pursue; and, if he is a wise man, he endeavours to enter into the spirit and follow the route of those who, as they approached it, have seen glorious pros-

pects, delicious landscapes, and beautiful inhabitants.

Thousands are daily crossing the stream which divides time from eternity. One by one our dearest friends are being numbered with the departed. Some believers have, during the hour of death, seen and heard things unutterable.

Can we not gather up a few faint echoes of that heavenly music which sounded in their ears? May we not try to present to our mind's vision, be it but through a glass darkly, glimpses of that promised land, seen by those who have climbed nigh to where Moses stood? May we not endeavour to record, for man's profit, words uttered by those beginning to feel an eternal weight of glory?

"Leaving this world, both worlds at once they view,
Who stand upon the threshold of the new."

Death brings character to the test. A man's spirit needs great support when it is

being unclothed. Many delusions may be dissipated by observing the end of those who fear God, and of those who fear Him not.

We must set out, however, with the assumption that it is impossible for us to see clearly the things which are hidden from us by God. A certain limit is fixed for us when in the flesh, and beyond this we cannot reach. "For now we see in a mirror darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I have been known."

And this is in accordance with the words of our Lord, when He says, "Where I go thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

Longfellow writes:—

"We see but dimly through the mists and vapours,
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps."

Bishop Magee in his Sermons says:—"Is not all life a mystery? Who has

succeeded in analysing and defining it? Who is there who, after tracing into the very inmost recesses of Nature the ever vanishing spirit of life, can say, I have discovered it; I know what and whence it is, and wherein it consists? Who can say, I have ascertained what is that mysterious force ever revealing itself in its actings, ever concealing itself in its essence, whose presence makes of the inanimate the animate, whose departure leaves the once living thing dead? Before the mystery of life, as before its twin mystery death, science stands abashed and dumb."

Agassiz, the great Swiss naturalist, remarked to the Duke of Argyll:—"Life has all the wealth of endowment of the most comprehensive mental manifestations, and none of the simplicity of physical phenomena."

Our journey through life is between the cradle and the grave, and the great end is death; and we all keep constantly moving on towards another state of existence.

And Dr. Saphir in "Our Life-day" says:—"Our life-day is short; but, viewed in the light of eternity, it possesses an intensive depth, and cannot be measured by the length of its duration."

Archbishop Tillotson remarks:—"The lively apprehension of the nearness of death and eternity are apt to make men's thoughts more quick and piercing; and according as we think ourselves prepared for our future state, to transport us with joy or to amaze us with horror."

Dean Church in "Human Life and its Conditions" says:—"Surely it would be one of the strangest things, were it not so certain, how imperfectly we recognise the gulf which separates us from the future, and the little we know of it. We talk freely, as if it was a region of knowledge, or of possible discovery; and yet if we think, who can even imagine what he himself will be a century hence? And what will all the generations of those who have lived be doing; what will be

their conditions and their employments in the great years to come beyond the grave?"

The Duke of Argyll writing on "The Unity of Nature" remarks:—"There is nothing in Nature so new to us as our own nature—nothing so mysterious, and yet so intelligible—nothing so invisible, yet so suggestive of energy, and of power over things that can be seen."

Isaac Taylor in his "Physical Theory of Another Life" remarks:—"Everything belonging to human nature is mysterious, or rather bespeaks the existence of powers and instincts *undeveloped;* and which, though they just indicate their presence, do not reach their apparent end in the present state."

E. L. Hull in his Sermons says:—"All men whose thoughts soar above the conventionalities of existence, through the power of a great and holy purpose, which has grown into a master-passion, have ever felt that the earthly life cramps and confines their aspirations. Such men always find

that their endeavours are too high to be realized here. The world looks coldly on their earnestness, and is indifferent to the good they would accomplish; or it cannot understand their thoughts, and calls them dreams. They discover that no great aim can really be fulfilled in time, and then they pant and pine for a nobler sphere of being."

Isaac Taylor further remarks:—"There may be, as, in fact, we assume that there are, the strongest physical reasons for expecting a new and higher kind of life as intended for the human family. Innumerable analogies, gathered from the processes of the vegetable and animal world, illustrate and corroborate this expectation; while the irresistible impulses or instincts of the human mind, moral as well as intellectual, support it. Nevertheless, for religious purposes, and for bearing the stress of our moral principles, we must always choose to rely upon the direct testimony of the inspired writers. Our faith and hope rest upon the

affirmation of heaven itself; not upon the soundness of philosophical speculations, or even demonstrations, if such could be obtained. It is not as theorists, but as believers, that we look for another life."

Dr. Macduff, writing on "A Solemn Question," namely, "How long have I to live?" says:—"Life is now before most of us, with its bright plans and phantom visions—its rainbow-hues and air-castles. Many have no eyes to see the end of that glowing perspective—the close of the avenue, which at present is overarched with the green boughs of hope. But as we go on the distance sensibly diminishes; our consciousness becomes more and more vivid that the end is nearing, and we feel that we are passing, like the millions that have preceded us, to the 'long home.'"

It is stated in the "Memoir" of Dr. Norman Macleod, that a fortnight before his death "a great sadness weighed on him, a weariness of the noise and disput-

ings of men, of 'the burden and the mystery' of life; and out of this arose a more childlike clinging to Christ and to the love and goodness of God."

Lyte says:—

"Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see."

And Wordsworth writes:—

"As a dart
Cleaves the blank air life flies; now every day
Is but a glimmering spoke in the swift wheel
Of the revolving week."

Julius Hare in one of his Letters remarks:—"Really as one grows old, one learns almost to frame some sort of conception how a thousand years may be as one day." Indeed, we have all of us a sense that time flows faster than it did. And thus our experience tells us that we are each of us gradually approaching that period when "time shall be no more."

Horatius Bonar doubtless felt this when he wrote:—

"My future from my past unlinking,
Each dying year untwines the spell;
The visible is swiftly sinking,
Uprises the invisible."

Coleridge wrote the following inscription for a timepiece :—

"Now it is gone—Our brief hours travel post,
Each with the thought or deed, its Why or How,
But know each parting hour gives up a ghost,
To dwell within thee—an eternal Now!"

The Christian will feel the reality of the following lines, as applied to a dying saint "on the threshold of Heaven."

"Servant of God, thou hast not long to stay;
Soon the weak bonds that hold thee here shall sever;
Then shalt thou gaze upon the perfect day,
And Him thou lov'st for ever and for ever."

Archbishop Leighton says: — "This natural life is compared, even by natural men, to the vainest things, and scarcely find they things light enough to express its vanity. Our life is indeed a lighted torch, either blown out by some stroke

or some wind; or, if spared, yet within a while it burns away, and will die out of itself.

"Were all of us more constantly prosperous than any one of us is, yet that one thing were enough to cry down the price we put upon this life, that it continues not. Is it not a most foolish bargain to bestow continual pains and diligence upon the purchasing of great possessions or honours if we believe this, that the best of them is no other than a short-lived flower, and to neglect the purchase of those glorious mansions of eternity."

Archbishop Tillotson remarks:—"We pursue the happiness of this world just as little children chase birds; when we think we are come very near it, and have it almost in our hands, it flies further from us than it was at first."

Hay Aitken in his "Highway of Holiness" says:—"The dreams of early boyhood, the hopes of youth, the promise of vigorous

manhood, when, with the firm steps of a determined will, we push on in life's highway—our minds made up to carry all before us—what do they all end in? As the years roll on our hopes dissolve, friends fall off, and the shadow of death is cast across our path. Pleasures cease to please, and employments lose their interest. It passeth away—all that we loved, and valued, and clung to; and vainly do we attempt to clutch the receding phantom. But there is something that does not pass away, 'He that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.'"

Staley introduces us to some reflections of Lermontoff, which are true of a great many persons. He says:—

"We quaff life's cup with dim,
With covered eyes;
We blur its golden rim
With tears and sighs.
When from our brows at death
The bonds shall fall,
And with them vanisheth
False festival."

Shakespeare, when speaking of death says :—

"To die? to sleep?
To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub:
For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause."

Dean Goulburn in his "Thoughts on Personal Religion" remarks :—"It is an old tale how death is miniatured in sleep. Both are a lying down shrouded in a darkened chamber, where the stir of life is hushed, and the light of life does not penetrate; and from both there will be an awaking."

Dr. A. Tholuck in his "Hours of Christian Devotion" says :—"What is pale death? Is it the dark wall at which every traveller must stop, and—sink? Is it sleep undisturbed by dreams? Or is it the dark wall on the other side of which begins the Holy Land? The fleeting moment, the short bridge, on which the brief sleep of time meets the long waking of eternity?"

Lord Bacon says, that "men fear death as children fear to go into the dark;" and indeed there is generally a great unwillingness to speak of death. People feel uncomfortable when the word is mentioned; so in all languages some more pleasant expression has been used in alluding to the subject.

Coleridge in "The Ancient Mariner" speaks of

"The curse in a dead man's eye;"

and Drummond in his "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" remarks:—"Poetry draws near death, only to hover over it for a moment, and withdraw in terror. History knows it simply as a universal fact. Philosophy finds it among the mysteries of being, —the one great mystery of being not."

E. L. Hull in his Sermons says:—"The moment comes when the earth recedes, and we must go forth alone from the known to the unknown; alone on that mysterious sea, o'er whose dusky margin the mists are

hanging, and on whose hidden shores we know not what surges are beating. It is this loneliness and this mystery, this ignorance of what death really is, for we can only see its outward signs, which makes our physical nature shudder."

The ancient Egyptians, oppressed by this feeling, endeavoured to console themselves by taking great thought for the preservation of their bodies after death, and for their safe keeping in lonely magnificence. And this is exhibited in their splendid sarcophagi and wonderful Pyramids.

Robert Ferguson in "The Shadow of the Pyramid," thus speaks of the Great Pyramid and its Builder:—

"Yes! yon stern lines do but embody one,
One stern, unchanging, omnipresent thought,
That dwelt a deadly incubus upon
The Builder's soul, and in his nature wrought;
With giant efforts all his life he sought
To fling the fearful burden from his mind,
And left at last in visible shape behind
Its type, this load, the heaviest ever brought
By man upon the weary earth to press.

. . . . . .

He looked—he saw a gulf, how drear and dark—
He heard the roar of an unfathomed sea—
The sound seemed angry—Lo! the mighty ark—
Through life his refuge he ordained to be,
When on the dark wave of futurity
He should be cast—alone in that stern tomb—
Fit resting-place for tyrants such as he,
Alone in safety—not a friend finds room—

. . . . . .

Not without awe the giant fort we scan,
Its only garrison—one lone dead man!"

Bishop Magee in his Sermons says:—"Man is a fact, life is a fact, death is a fact, and that mysterious something, that power that seems to underlie all, to operate in all things, call it what you will—call it nature, force, law, God—that is a great, an awful and eternal fact. You cannot get rid of these; you must deal with them, and you must think of them if you think at all, and you must therefore have your beliefs respecting them whether you will or not."

We know that death has broken many hearts, and filled many families and house-

holds with mourning and woe, but we also know that in the end it will be destroyed. The Apostle Paul says:—"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." It always has been an enemy, and always will be, but in Christ the Christian has the victory; for Christ has "tasted death for every man, that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil."

Dean Alford says:—"Death is the last enemy, as being the consequence of sin; when he is overcome and done away with, the whole end of redemption is shown to have been accomplished." And Howe remarks:—"This only can reconcile us to the grave, that our greatest hopes lie beyond it."

Mrs. Hemans speaks of the dead as:—

"The *only* beautiful that change no more,
The only loved!—the dwellers on the shore
Of spring fulfilled! The dead! whom call we so?
They that breathe purer air, that feel, that know
Things wrapt from us."

Dr. Saphir in "Our Life-day" says:—"Eternity is before us. At present it is only by an effort of the imagination, or, in the case of the Christian, by the exercise of faith, that we realize the spiritual and everlasting world. Of those divine realities which are unseen and hoped for, faith is the substance and evidence. To the unbeliever it seems very vague; to the Christian even it seems sometimes very far off. But how often have we experienced on a smaller scale, that what at one time seemed a distant object of imagination, hope, or fear, at last came into actual existence! Then we say, 'it is,' and it is the past which appears a dream and a shadow."

Canon Money remarks:—"The realization of things unseen and eternal should exercise a wonderful influence over the heart and life. Many live for some object that they do not expect to attain for years, and their characters are moulded, and their lives influenced

by this object; why not live for a higher, nobler object, to be attained when this life ends, whether in youth or old age?"

Archbishop Tillotson says:—"The soul that is fully satisfied of his future bliss, is already entered into heaven, has begun to take possession of glory, and may say with old Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.'"

E. L. Hull in his Sermons says:—"In the hours of sickness, when the sands of life are ebbing, and we catch the nearer murmurs of the eternal sea; in hours of thought, when the world seems only a painted vision, ready to vanish and disclose the invisible, then we look onwards, and try to realise what *we* shall be when all this is gone. We cannot always be gazing into the future, and the heavenly beauty of which we dream contrasts strangely with the labour of the present. When we do look up from our earthly toil, the gleaming worlds of the

future appear awfully far away, and death seems to be a gate leading 'across the wilds that no man knows.' You who have looked thoughtfully on the faces of the dead must have felt this. The still repose of the earthly form brings the mystery near, and makes the dividing gulf seem wide indeed, between the glare and noise of time, and the celestial ministries of the eternal world." Then we can say :—

> "Land of Eternity ! what shadowy hosts
> Mantle thy dim interminable shore !—
> All voyagers from life's tempestuous sea.
> Shore of Eternity ! Wave after wave
> Influent, to thy mighty bosom bears
> Successive generations."

Bishop Ryle in his Expository Thoughts says :—"Who that has ever seen the dead can forget the stillness, the silence, the coldness, when the breath has left the body? Who can forget the awful feeling that a mighty change has taken place, and a mighty gulf been placed between ourselves and the departed?" And Mrs.

Ballard, speaking of a dying boy, just awoke out of sleep, says :—"His face wore that solemn and *lonely* look, which can never be forgotten by those who have watched a soul enter eternity."

Dean Vaughan, in "Earnest Words," speaking of death in its loneliness, says of a dying friend: "His thoughts are no longer your thoughts; with his hopes and fears, with his retrospects and anticipations, with his deepest wants and aspirations, you cannot even, as once you could, intermeddle. Separation there is already, between the going and the staying; a great gulf fixed, between the two sides, of which there is no passing and no communication."

He further remarks :—"The mysteriousness of death is for wonder; a more practical topic is its solemnity. To wind up all the affairs of this life, and open an account with circumstances and existences, so unlike and opposite—to have done, finally and altogether, with employments which, whether we would

or no, have been found so engrossing, and to go now, into a state of being of which we scarcely know anything but by negatives,—this change might well impress, might well overwhelm us, even if this were all."

For as Dante says :—

"Thou shalt leave all things, which thou long ago
Hast loved most dearly."

And Sir Walter Scott writes :—

"Death finds us 'mid our playthings—snatches us,
As a cross nurse might do a wayward child,
From all our toys and baubles."

St. James speaking of life describes it as :—"Even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." And of "life's short day" it has been beautifully said by Mrs. Alexander—

"The roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away !"

Death, however, comes unexpectedly to most of people, and our own experience

reminds many of us of cases where we have clearly observed the fragile and exhausted frame, the weak and difficult utterance, the painful cough, the wearied limbs, the far-away look about the expression and the eyes of friends and acquaintances.

We have seen the stamp of death fixed upon them, and yet they have been found lingering on to the last, with sanguine hopes and expectations of ultimate recovery.

How true are these lines from "Songs of Suffering:"—

"In the hush of the summer weather,
In the golden afternoon,
As we watch by a sick friend's bed together,
And murmur—'Better soon,'—
Sudden the Master's feet
May be heard in the sunny street.

"Till then no dreams of dying
Had flashed through the sick man's heart,
But a sudden smile on his face is lying,
And the soul rises up to depart,
At the sound of those gentle feet
Which *come up through* the sunny street."

Wordsworth, speaking of an aged man, says that he

"Was overcome by unexpected sleep,
In one blest moment, like a shadow thrown
Softly and lightly from a passing cloud,
Death fell upon him, while reclined he lay,
For noontide solace on the summer grass,
The warm lap of his mother earth."

Bishop Thorold writing on the loss of friends says:—"Death to those who die is always sudden, to those who mourn is always premature."

The uncertainty of life has in all ages been a favourite theme for poets, but this great truth has never been stated in more striking and beautiful language than in the following verses by Mrs. Hemans, who says:—

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

"Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

"Youth and the opening rose,
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

"We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain;
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

"Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die.

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air.
Thou art around us in our peaceful home;
And the world calls us forth, and thou art there.

"Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death."

This uncertainty applies to the young as well as to those who are older, and we realize it in the following description by Wordsworth :—

"Just as the child could totter on the floor,
And, by some friendly finger's help upstayed,
Range round the garden walk, while she, perchance,
Was catching at some novelty of spring,
Ground-flower, or glossy insect from its cell,
Drawn by the sunshine—at that hopeful season,
The winds of March smiting insidiously
Raised in the tender passage of the throat
Viewless obstruction, whence all unforewarned
The household lost their pride and soul's delight."

So also in the following touching lines, from McGranahan :—

"'How far is it called to the grave?'
The boy looked up from his play,
'To the grave, to the grave, I've not heard of the grave,
It must be far away.'

"Naught he knew of the silent tomb,
Naught he knew but his play and prayer,
Yet the time to go had almost come,
His feet were almost there."

CHAPTER II.

DISSOLUTION OF THE BODY.

"Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things,
The eternal state of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings."

THE dissolution of the body and all its accompaniments are quite at variance with our nature, feelings, and wishes, but the Christian learns to look upon them in a different light. Thus the Apostle Paul, writing to the Corinthian Church, says:—"For we know, that, if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For verily in this we groan, longing to be clothed upon with our habitation which is from heaven: . . . knowing that whilst we

are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord."

Drummond in his "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" writes:—"The final preparation for the inheriting of eternal life, must consist in the abandonment of the non-eternal elements. These must be unloosed and dissociated from the higher elements; and this is effected by a closing catastrophe—Death.

"Over the mouth of the grave, the perfect and the imperfect submit to their final separation. Each goes to its own—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, spirit to spirit. The dust shall return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

Dr. Pusey in his "Lectures on Daniel" says:—"When Adam fell, and the 'image of God' was defaced in him, and His 'likeness' was obscured, the sentence pronounced upon him at once implied that death was not his original portion, and that God willed to restore him to life. In that sentence,

'Until thou return unto the ground, for out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return,' it lay that even his body was not originally formed to be dissolved; for the death of the body would not have been pronounced as the sentence on his sin, had it been God's purpose for him, if he had not sinned. The truth of the apostle's words, 'By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned,' lay in the sentence of God upon Adam."

Dr. Gall in "Primeval Man Unveiled" remarks:—"It is interesting to observe that man, more than any other animal, is subject to disease. Radiating from him as from a centre, it creeps forth upon nature towards every plant and animal, which he has subjected to his sway, in proportion as it has been associated with his civilization. Beyond his pale, death by disease is comparatively rare."

Foville says:—"It is rare that the insane die in a state of mental alienation, they generally fall victims to some bodily disorder, and the mind recovers, in some measure, its sanity before dissolution. Even where the most complete fatuity has been produced, by long-continued mental derangement, an unsteady glimmering of reasoning occasionally returns. The intellect appears to approach once more the throne of reason, to linger about the scenes in which she once delighted, and to recall for once more, and but for a moment, ideas which she once possessed."

Death from strong mental emotions, including extreme grief, sometimes occurs; and Madame Junot, in her "Memoirs," gives an account of the remarkable death of a little boy 3½ years old. His father, a brother of Marshal Junot, was ordered abroad by Napoleon, and took leave of his wife and his only son, a boy 2½ years old, from whom he had scarcely been

separated for an hour. The boy's grief, at first moderate, became ungovernable, when he found his father did not return. For some days he cried without ceasing, and kept perpetually inquiring for his father. Change of scene was tried, and a removal to the house of his relatives in turn, but all was in vain. At the end of a twelvemonth, this extraordinary child, who, at the time of his father's departure, was in perfect health and spirits, expired with the name of "father" still upon his lips.

Southey says:—"Did you ever observe how remarkably old age brings out family likenesses, which having been kept as it were in abeyance, while the passions and business of the world engrossed the parties, come forth again in age as in infancy, the features settling into their primary characters before dissolution."

Smee remarks:—"When age, unaccompanied with disease, sets in, the appetite gradually and increasingly fails, nutrition

and assimilation lessen, and the capacity to generate force and heat diminishes. At last, nervous power fails, and the patient silently passes into the sleep of death."

And this state is thus graphically described by Shakespeare:—

> "Last scene of all,
> That ends this strange eventful history,
> Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
> Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

Dr. Watson remarks in his "Lectures," that "life rests on a tripod, whose three vital supports are the *heart*, the *brain*, and the *lungs*, and that through the impaired functions of one or more of these organs the tendency to death is expressed." And Bichat says, that "the mode of dying may begin at the head, the heart, or the lungs."

Feltham in his "Resolves" remarks:— "There is no spectacle more profitable, more terrible, or more humble, than the sight of a dying man, when he lies expiring

his soul on his death-bed. To see how the ancient society of the body and the soul is divided, and yet to see how they struggle at the parting. To see how the mind would fain utter itself, when the organs of the voice are so debilitated that it cannot. To see how the eye settles in a fixed dimness, which, a little before, was swift as the shoots of lightning, nimbler than the thought, and bright as the polished diamond. To see the countenance, through which perhaps there shined a lovely majesty, even to the captivating of admiring souls, now altered to a frightful paleness."

Richerand in his "Elements of Physiology" says:—"At last the dying person ceases to feel, but his senses vanish in succession, and in a determinate order. The taste and smell cease to give any sign of existence, the eyes become obscured by a dark and gloomy cloud, but the ear is yet sensible to sound and noise; and no doubt it was on this account that the ancients, to

ascertain that death had really taken place, were in the habit of calling loudly to the deceased."

The Author of "Fontenelle on the Signs of Death" remarks, "that observers unaccustomed to sit by the bed of death readily mistake increasing languor for total insensibility; but those who watch closely can distinguish that the ear, though dull, is not yet deaf; that the eye, though dim, is not yet sightless."

Sir Benjamin Brodie was satisfied from his experience of dying persons, "that where an ordinary person would suppose the individual to be in a state of complete stupor, the mind is often very active, even at the moment of death."

Dean Vaughan in "Earnest Thoughts," speaking of loneliness of death, says:—"It must have struck you in standing beside a death-bed, that you are no longer with the dying. You may be present still—still ministering, holding the hand, wetting the

lips, uttering words of cheering, seeking to open for him by prayer the curtain which hangs yet upon the unseen.

"It is never safe to assume that a dying person hears not. It is never safe to speak *of* him that which you would not at such a moment speak *to* him: even when speech is ended hearing survives. Take heed how you speak in that pause between living and dying, of which the living can know nothing, but of which all signs seem to show that it is commonly quick to hear, and quick to feel."

It is remarked by the Author of "Fontenelle on the Signs of Death," "that the pain of dying must be distinguished from the pain of the previous disease, for when life ebbs sensibility declines. As death is the final extinction of corporal feeling, so numbness increases as death comes on. The prostration of disease, like healthful fatigue, engenders a growing stupor—a sensation of subsiding softly into *a coveted repose.*"

It is said that Samuel Taylor Coleridge before his death suffered intense pain, which however subsided at an interval of a few days before the event, and shortly after this cessation of agony he fell into a comatose state.

Bickersteth in "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever" writes :—

"The last day of my earthly pilgrimage
Was closing, and the end was peace, for as
The sunset glory on the hills grew pale,
The burning fever left me, I was free
From pain ; albeit my strength was ebbing fast!
And quickly as dreams, though not confusedly,
The landscapes of my life before me rose.
From the first breath of dewy morn to that
Its sultry afternoon, nor seem'd my past,
As often heretofore in retrospect,
A fragmentary discontinuous whole,
But one and indivisible—a brief
Short journey, only steepest at the last."

The Book of Job says :—"Desire not the night, when people are cut off in their place." And the author of "Fontenelle on the Signs of Death" states, "that the least

mortality is during the midday hours, namely, from ten to three o'clock; the greatest, during early morning hours, from three to six o'clock."

The following lines on the Death of a Departed Friend correspond with this view:—

> "But when the morn came dim and sad,
> And chill with early showers,
> Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
> Another morn than ours."

After death the old natural expression of the countenance sometimes returns. Hope Scott, the eminent Parliamentary Counsel, suffered from a long illness before he died; and his Biographer informs us, that "shortly after death a sudden change was observed to have come over the face of the deceased, which assumed a totally different expression. All signs of sickness or pain seemed to vanish, and in one minute he had become like what he used to be in very early *years*."

So also Dr. Monsell, writing respecting the appearance of Bishop Wilberforce, as he saw him the next day but one after his sudden death, says:—"Never did he look more noble and dignified. There was a statuesque beauty about his head, in the calm composure of death, such as I hardly ever observed so distinctly before; as quiet and as peaceful was that dear face as if he had died in his bed, or as if he was but sleeping on his couch."

Bishop Thorold writing on "The Loss of Friends" remarks:—"There is in some instances an analogy of a real kind between the more than mortal beauty that steals over the features shortly after death, and the subdued chastened patience of the believer just before he departs to be with Christ.

"We all know that the majesty of the face in death arises from physical causes, and there is a stolid ignorance in which some unhappy souls pass away to their

Judge, which may be too easily mistaken for the peace of Christ.

"Where there is a well-grounded hope of a joyful resurrection, the grand and sweet calmness of the sleeping clay helps us to anticipate the time when this 'corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal put on immortality.'"

CHAPTER III.

THE GRAVE.

"Say, dreary grave,
How long wilt thou conceal me?
Mighty to save,
When will my Saviour come?
Fainting, dying, now mine eyes I close,
My weary head upon Thy bosom, Lord, repose
Thou wilt not leave nor fail me
Till my short race is run;
Thanks be to God
The glorious victory's won!
Dying, I can sing,
'Where, O death's thy sting?'
Salvation's perfect work is done?"

THE words "corruption," "dishonour," and "weakness," used by St. Paul, accurately describe the state of the body after death; for no sooner does a man die than he begins *to decay*, and this process goes on till it

ends in dust: "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

Prebendary Young in his Commentary on the Psalms says:—"Before Christ came, no clear light shone upon the condition of the departed; even to the faithful Israelite it was a place of darkness. Whatever he might hope for in the remote future, the immediate prospect was gloomy in the extreme: he saw nothing before him but hopeless inactivity. The Psalmist heaps together words to express the gloom and dreariness of the intermediate state, it is a pit, the abode of darkness, an abyss."

The prophet Isaiah gives a most graphic picture. When speaking of the dead king of Babylon he says:—"The grave from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming; it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations, all they shall speak and say unto thee, Art thou also become weak as we?

Art thou become like unto us? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols; the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee.

"They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms, that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof, that opened not the house of his prisoners? All the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in glory, every one in his own house.

"But thou art cast out of thy grave like an abominable branch, and as the raiment of those that are slain, thrust through with a sword, that go down to the stones of the pit; as a carcase trodden under feet. Thou shalt not be joined with them in burial, because thou hast destroyed thy land, and slain thy people, the seed of evil-doers shall never be renowned."

Blair in his poem "The Grave" writes in a most melancholy strain, and says :—

"The grave, dread thing !
Men shiver when thou'rt named ; Nature, appalled,
Shakes off her wonted firmness—Ah ! how dark
Thy long-extended realms and rueful wastes,
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night."

Jean Ingelow writes :—

"The great mad waves were rolling graves,
And each flung up its dead;
The seething flow was white below,
And black the sky o'erhead."

Mrs. Hemans speaks of the sea as "Thou stormy grave;" but of the dead therein she says :—

"And some far down below the sounding wave,
Still shall they lie, though tempests o'er them sweep."

And combining the picturesque and the sentimental, she addresses the sea and says :—

"To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown,
Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee—
Restore the dead, thou sea !"

Captain M'Clintock, after his account of the reading of the Burial Service by the light of lanterns at an Arctic funeral, gives the following interesting and solemn description of the burial of the dead in a silent frozen sea. He writes:—"The body was placed upon a sledge, and drawn by the messmates of the deceased to a short distance from the ship, where a hole through the ice had to be cut: it was then 'committed to the deep,' and the service completed. What a scene it was! I shall never forget it."

Addressing a ship, which with its sailors had entered upon a long voyage, Mrs. Hemans says:—

"Some wilt thou leave beneath the plantain's shade,
Where through the foliage Indian suns look bright;
Some in the snows of wintry regions laid,
By the cold northern light."

Christianity throws a divine lustre over death and the grave. The Apostle Paul says: "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

—St. John "heard a voice from heaven" which said to him, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth . . . that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." And Christians are taught in the New Testament to look to the second coming of Christ.

But although death to the Christian is a translation from a lower to a higher life, our funeral customs would encourage the idea that all those who have departed have gone into some dark, melancholy, and sombre state of existence. Such customs are inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity, and are calculated to intensify the sorrow of those who have been bereaved.

The early Christians were accustomed to wish their dying friends "Good-night," in the confident expectation of a happy awakening. This sentiment Mrs. Huish embodies in verse as follows :—

"Sleep on, beloved ! sleep, and take thy rest,
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast ;
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best,
Good-night !

"Calm is thy slumber, as an infant's sleep;
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep;
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep,
Good-night!

"Until the Easter glory lights the skies,
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise,
Good-night!"

Longfellow writes:—

"How they so softly rest,
All, all the holy dead;
Unto whose dwelling-place
Now doth my soul draw near!
How they so softly rest,
All in their silent graves."

And Faber says:—

"How pleasant are thy paths, O death!
E'en children after play
Lie down without the least alarm,
And sleep in thy maternal arm
Their little life away."

Of St. Paul's use of the expression, "Fallen asleep," Photius says:—"When speaking of Christ the Apostle calls it *death*, that he may confirm His suffering; but when speak-

ing of us he calls it *sleep*, that he may console our pangs. Again, when the resurrection is past, he is bold, and speaks of *death;* but when it is yet in hope he speaks of *sleep*."

Sir Thomas Brown writes :—

"Sleep is a death, oh make me try
By sleeping, what it is to die!
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God! let me
Awake again, at last, with Thee."

Although death is called sleep in Scripture, it never says that the spirit sleeps after leaving the body.

Therefore Luther when his wife's aunt was dying, would doubtless be referring to her body when he said to her :—"You will not die, you will sleep away as in a cradle; and morning will dawn, and you will rise and live for ever."

Longfellow writes :—

"There is no death! what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death."

And Tennyson says of one departed:—

"Peace, peace! he is not dead—he doth not sleep,
He hath awakened from the dream of life."

We find poets with much pathos associating the idea of death and the grave with the charms of climate and scenery.

Gray in his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" says:—

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Moule in his "God's Acre" writes:—

"Come, let us pace the churchyard walks awhile,
The day behind us in the solemn West
Goes glowing down, and on this ancient field,
Where fifty generations sleep entombed,
Throws many a purple shadow; tower and aisle,
And trees and thronging headstones, o'er the green
Stretching long lines. Before us, smooth and pale,
The meadow-plains, with many a shining stream,
Lead eastward, from the mill-pool at our feet,
To yon calm azure cloud of distant hills."

Wordsworth says :—

"As on a sunny bank, a tender lamb
Lurks in safe shelter from the winds of March
Screened by its parent, so that little mound
Lies guarded by its neighbour; the small heap
Speaks for itself; an infant there doth rest;
The sheltering hillock is the mother's grave."

Mrs. Hemans in "The Graves of a Household" tells us :—

"They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee,
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream and sea.

"The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight,
Where are those dreamers now?

"One midst the forest of the West,
By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

"The sea, the lone blue sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

"One sleeps where southern vines are drest;
Above the noble slain,
He wrapped his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

"And one, o'er her the myrtle showers,
Its leaves by soft winds fanned;
She faded midst Italian flowers,
The last of that fair band."

C. A. Fox in his fine description of the grave of a saintly friend, who sleeps in Keswick Churchyard, combines the beauties of natural scenery and the glories of atmospheric effects. He says:—

"Yet there's no change in Nature! as of yore
The mighty hills couch grandly in the glow
Of evening's splendour; yea, heaven's sunset gates
Westward, slow kindling into pomp, henceforth
Break open daily at thy feet, O Friend!
Loved Friend, here laid in thy last resting-place,
Beside the trembling lake thou lovedst so well,
With all its bays and purple promontories,
And wooded isles, that float in liquid light,
Asleep, on their own melting images,
In ceaseless peace!"

In the Book of Job it is said of man:—

"He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down;" and David says of him, "As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth, for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more."

John Evelyn speaking of the departed says:—"We adorn their graves with flowers and redolent plants, just emblems of the life of man, which has been compared in Holy Scripture to those fading beauties, whose roots being buried in dishonour rise again in glory."

Virgil recording an ancient custom writes:—

"Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring
Mixed with the purple roses of the spring;
Let me with finest flowers his body strew,
This gift which parents to their children owe.
This unavailing gift, at least, I may bestow."

Shakespeare writes:—

"With fairest flowers
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave; thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor

The azured harebell, like thy veins ; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine.
Yea, and furred moss besides, when flowers are none
To winter-ground thy corse."

Mrs. Hemans exclaims :—

" Bring flowers, pile flowers o'er the bier to shed
A crown for the brow of the early dead !
For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst,
For this in the woods was the violet nursed !
Though they smile in vain, for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift. Bring ye flowers, pale flowers !
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part,
They sleep in dust, through wintry hours,
They break forth in glory. Bring flowers, bright flowers !"

CHAPTER IV.

DEPARTURE OF THE SPIRIT.

"What is life? 'tis but a vapour,
Soon it vanishes away;
Life is like a dying taper,
Ah, my soul! why wish to stay;
Why not stretch thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy."

THERE is something in the mind of man which is always looking forward to the future, and which pictures to itself an enjoyment to which, in reality, it never may attain. And this feeling proves that the soul is capable of a nobler and a higher satisfaction than it ever can obtain in its intercourse with the world. Its aspirations, unbounded by time, show that it is destined for immortality.

Mankind have in all ages been striving for more knowledge on this grand subject; they

have been curious to find out the state of the spirit, in the hour of death and after its departure; they have been anxious to divine what may be its capacity, where its abode.

Joseph Cook in his "Biology," speaking of an instinctive expectation of existence after death, says:—"We are so made that we touch Somewhat behind the veil. As an insect throws out its antennæ, and by their sensitive fibres touches what is near it, so the human soul throws out the vast arms of conscience to touch eternity, and somewhat not ourselves in the spaces beyond this life; yet conscience is only one thread in the web of the pervasive organic instinct which anticipates existence after death."

He further says:—"If the Greeks had possessed the microscope they would in all probability never have been thrown into debate over the famous question of their philosophy, whether the relation of the soul

to the body is that of harmony to a harp, or of a rower to a boat? According to the former of these two theories, the music must cease when the harp is broken; according to the latter, the rower may survive although the boat is destroyed. In one case death does, in the other it does not, end all.

"Dim as was to the Greeks of Pericles' day, the whole field which science has entered with the microscope for the first time in the last fifty years, all their greatest poets and philosophers held that the relation of the soul to the body is that of a rower to the boat."

In an ancient epitaph in Greek verse, found by Solomon Reinach in 1880, in the Island of Amorgos, the defunct is supposed to speak, and he says :—"I arrived at twenty years. Having seen an unspeakable spectacle, I became the prey of death, and completed the fatal texture of an unforeseen fate. Mother, weep not for me, for what

can it avail? Reverence me, rather, for I am become the divine star which appears at the beginning of the evening." Here we see a vague and ill-defined aspiration to a sort of pantheistic immortality.

Bishop Warburton says:—"The idea of a pre-existence has been espoused by many learned and ingenious men in every age." It is not intended to give it any countenance here, but the following lines of Wordsworth are quoted to show what it is.

He writes:—

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home."

Although the spirit of man is not produced by the material constituents of the body, yet a living man, possessing a

spirit, generates another human being possessing a spirit also.

Thus, Dr. Gall in "Primeval Man Unveiled" says:—"It is one of the peculiarities of the human species, that it generates a spirit capable of a separate existence; and, accordingly, when at death the body is decomposed, the spirit is disengaged, and enters upon a state of existence altogether new. Like the butterfly, when it escapes from the chrysalis, the former organs of sense are no longer available, but new organs of sense, or it may be new senses, come into play specially adapted to its new style of being."

A modern writer remarks:—"What is there to prevent the empty spaces, in which every atom composing every molecule of the human organism is held in suspense, from being full of still minuter particles, measured by the standard of our senses, which would therefore correspond exactly to an invisible human frame, and which

might continue to exist, after the appreciable particles had undergone the chemical change called Decomposition."

A. K. B. writing on "When we have Gone Away" says:—"A disembodied being is to us, as we are, indescribably awful. It has been so from time immemorial. There is no more ancient book than one which tells us, 'Then a spirit passed before my face, the hair of my flesh stood up.' That result was taken for granted. And while we are at home, and at our ease with a human being, who is body and spirit together, we feel the same awe-stricken shrinking from either the bodily or the spiritual by itself."

Dr. Gall in "Primeval Man Unveiled" says:—"The natural body has its senses, the spirit also has its senses, but there is no reason to suppose that they are the same; neither is there any reason to suppose that their perceptions are miraculous—they are all according to law. Now we see through a glass darkly, for the lenses of the eye give

but an imperfect vision compared with the spiritual sight that sees face to face. Now we are seen and known by witnesses whom we cannot see; the time is coming when we shall know even as we are known."

He further says:—"Up to the time of the resurrection and ascension of Christ, a mysterious silence is maintained in Scripture as to the state of the saved. But it is otherwise in regard to those who die in the Lord now, because we have positive assurance that at death the spirits of believers go to Christ, so that when they are absent from the body they are present with the Lord. Whatever darkness, therefore, rested on this matter before the work of Christ was completed, life and immortality have now been brought to light through the Gospel."

Speaking of the "Light of the Sun of Righteousness," the Author of "Light in a Dark Place" says:—"It enlightens our life, it enlightens the valley of the shadow of

death. Above all, it enlightens the dark world which lies beyond death—the world of the grave."

And in order that we may understand how much we owe to this light, he gives an account of a teacher coming into the North 1200 years ago. He tells us that Edwin, the powerful king of that part of Great Britain, "called his nobles and his priests around him. The question discussed was whether the missionary should be heard or not. The king was doubtful. The priests were doubtful. At last there rose an honest, straightforward man—a chieftain, a laird, as we should now call him—a 'thane,' as he was called in the language of those days, and spoke much as follows:—'You know, O King, how, on a winter evening, when you are sitting at supper in your hall, with your company around you, when the night is dark and dreary, when the rain and the snow rages outside, when the hall inside is lighted and warmed with a blazing fire,—

sometimes it happens that a sparrow flies into the bright hall out of the dark night, flies through the hall, and then flies out at the other end into the dark night again. We see him for a few moments, but we know not whence he came nor whither he goes in the blackness of the storm outside. So is the life of man. It appears for a short space in the warmth and brightness of this life, but what came before this life, or what is to follow this life, we know not. If, therefore, these new teachers can enlighten us as to the darkness that went before, and the darkness that is to come after, let us hear what they have to teach us.' So spoke this old heathen seeker after light, and he prevailed on the king and the priests to hear the missionary; and through him, under God, our fathers on both sides the Border received the knowledge of Christ."

He then goes on to remark, that "although we know more of the unseen world beyond

the grave, of the two eternal states between which we stand, than did our heathen forefathers, yet still the question may well arise in our minds, as we look forward to that world to which we are all moving, What is it that we learn from the Gospel of Christ concerning that dark, awful, unknown night into which our souls must fly at last, out of the midst of all the things now so dear, so familiar, so cheerful, so clear?"

Blair in his Poem "The Grave" writes :—

"Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! My soul,
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view,
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repassed
To tell what's doing on the other side.
Nature runs back and shudders at the sight,
And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting;
For part they must, body and soul must part;
Fond couple! linked more close than wedded pair."

And those who do not see the future by the light of the Gospel may say :—

"We peer into the darkness, and find naught
But darkness—great, impenetrable, still;
Immensely past any finding out, until
Each one alone, into its midst be brought,

Perhaps to know the fulness of it all
In one short moment. Many times a year,
We at our work-pause awe-struck, when a call,
From out the Unseen, bids some worker near
Obey and come."

Longfellow writes :—

"Above the darksome sea of death,
Looms the great life that is to be,
A land of cloud and mystery,
A dim mirage, with shapes of men
Long dead, and passed beyond our ken."

To the Christian death is merely a change of place and state. And as Grace Litchfield says :—

"At life's gate,
To him who passes out beyond earth's sight,
We cry as to the wanderer for a night,—
Good-bye."

Dean Alford in "The Blessed Dead" writes :—"Christ is said to have abolished death. We learn from His own lips that if a man keep His word he shall never taste death. He has said again, 'He that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.' Now in this case there is no practical difficulty, yet

the variety of expressing is very instructive. We all know what lies beneath it, namely, the fact, that though the believer in Christ must undergo the physical suffering of death like other men, yet death has become to him so altogether without terror and curse, that it has been for him deprived of real existence and power."

A Physician in "Precious Stones of the Bible" says:—"We believe that if we be dead with Christ, we shall also live with Him, who is the Resurrection and the Life. Though here we are in a body of sin and death, yet we know that the 'land of forgetfulness' must give up its dead, and resurrection must follow; and so we look forward to that better country which is an heavenly. But before we reach those heavenly shores, how needlessly do we fear to walk that last walk, along the valley of the shadow of death, and with what unreasonable timidity do we dread crossing the dark river."

We find that when the beggar Lazarus

died, he "was carried by the angels" to the place of departed spirits. It would seem, therefore, that when a Christian dies angels are in waiting to convey his spirit to Paradise.

Thus Bickersteth speaks of an angel saying to a departed spirit :—

"Before yon hills have caught the eastern glow
Will they expect us at heaven's golden gates.
The road is long; but swifter than the beams
Of morning is that angelical convoy
Sent for thy escort home, myself thy guide,
And with me other two, who in their hands
Shall bear thee, as they bore blest Lazarus,
Into his father's bosom, ready stand,
Waiting our summons."

Dean Plumptre quotes from Dante, describing the brightness of the "dawn, at once of the earthly and the heavenly morning," as follows :—

"The Orient sapphire's hue of sweetest tone,
Which gathered in, the aspect calm and bright
Of that pure air, through all the heaven's first zone,
Now to mine eyes brought back the old delight.
Soon as I passed forth from the death-like air,
Which eyes and heart had filled with sore despite,
The planet love in-breathing, sweet and fair,
Made all the East to smile with her sweet grace."

Dean Vaughan in "Earnest Words" says :—"When we think of friends departed, when we think of a soul released from the tabernacle of the body, and separated from our converse by all that severs the visible from the unseen—still we picture to ourselves a transit through air and sky, a going and an arriving, a place of souls, a habitation of just men made perfect."

Daniel Macmillan, when dying, looked up through his window to the deep blue sky, and said, "How beautiful to float up there! I am so tired, tired!"

Mrs. Hemans writes :—

"Whither! oh whither! wilt thou wing thy way?
What solemn region first upon thy sight
Shall break unveiled for terror or delight?
What hosts magnificent, in dread array,
My spirit? when thy prison-house of clay
After long strife is rent? Fond, fruitless quest!
The unfledged bird, within his narrow nest,
Sees but a few green branches o'er him play,
And through their parting leaves, by fits revealed,
A glimpse of summer sky; nor knows the field

Wherein his dormant powers must yet be tried.
Thou art that bird !—of what beyond thee lies,
Far in the untracked, immeasurable skies,
Knowing but this, that thou shalt find thy guide."

William Cullen Bryant, hearing the note of a wild swan migrating southwards, and flying over him in the twilight, writes :—

"Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

"There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air,
Lone wandering, but not lost.

"He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright."

Dante, after describing his dreaming of the death of Beatrice, says :—

"I saw the angels, like a rain of manna,
In a long flight, flying back heavenward ;
Having a little cloud in front of them,
After the which they went, and said, 'Hosanna !'"

Horatius Bonar, speaking of what might well be described as "a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen," says :—

"I gaze upon yon everlasting arch,
Up which the bright stars wander as they shine,
And as I mark them in their nightly march,
I think how soon that journey shall be mine.

"Yon silver drift of silent cloud far up,
In the still heaven, through you my pathway lies;
Yon rugged mountain peak, how soon your top
Shall I behold beneath me as I rise.

"Not many more of life's slow pacing hours,
Shaded with sorrow's melancholy hue.
O what a glad ascending shall be ours!
O what a pathway up yon starry blue!"

Our Lord said to the dying thief:—"Verily, I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Philippians, after saying, "To me to live is Christ," expresses "a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better."

Upon those passages Dean Alford, writing on "The Blessed Dead," remarks, that "one

fact is simply declared, viz., that the departed spirit of the faithful man is *with Christ.*" And he says: "It is as if one bright light were lifted for us, in the midst of a realm brooded over by impenetrable mist; for who knows whither the departed spirit has betaken itself when it has left us here? One of the most painful pangs in bereavement by death, is the utter and absolute severance, without a spark of intelligence of the departed. One hour, life is blest by their presence, the next it is entirely and for ever gone from us, never to be heard of more. One word, one utterance—how precious in that moment of anguish, do we feel that it would be! But we are certain it never will be granted us. None has ever come back who has told the story where the spirit wakes and finds itself. This none has ever declared to us, nor shall we know until our own turn comes. Now, in such a state of uncertainty, these texts speak for us a certain truth, The departed spirit is with Christ."

CHAPTER V.

THE SPIRITUAL BODY.

"How bright these glorious spirits shine,
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?"

FRANZ DELITZSCH in his "Biblical Psychology" says:—"The most popular biblical figure of the relation of the soul or of the spirit to the body, is the figure of the body as of the house of the inward man. This house is called, with reference to its origin, 'a house of clay.'

"The body, as St. Paul more accurately expresses it, is a tent-house, in which we are not at home, without at the same time being absolutely strangers. We depart from it at length, and as a shepherd's tent it passes from us.

"According to another representation, the body is called the Sheath of the Spirit, and Death is as the drawing forth of a sword, from its sheath.

"According to a third figure, the body is the vesture of the soul, as flesh and skin are the vesture of the body.

"The soul is called the Tent-cord, which holds the tent upright and expanded."

Bickersteth writes :—

"They err who tell us that the spirit, unclothed,
And from its mortal tabernacle loosed,
Has neither lineament of countenance,
Nor limit of ethereal mould—no form of spiritual substance."

Dr. Norman Macleod in "Good Words" remarks :—"The glorified saint is not 'unclothed,' but 'clothed upon.' He inhabits 'a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' The future body is called a 'spiritual body,' to express, I presume, its pure and immortal essence, for though it will be somehow related to the present body, as the risen is related to sown grain,

which has perished through corruption, it must be changed into a new and higher form. 'Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God.' 'We shall all be changed.' 'He shall change our vile bodies, and fashion them like unto His glorious body.' It is in this new body, once sown in weakness, corruption, and mortality, but raised at length in power, incorruption, and immortality, no more to suffer, and no more to die, that we shall tread upon the new earth, gaze on the new heavens, and walk in the paradise of our God."

The growth of seeds gives us an impressive idea of the great change which takes place by their sojourn in the earth. The acorn grows up into the majestic oak, the grains of wheat which have been sown grow into a grand crop of corn, and the small seed into the plant which produces brilliant and splendid flowers.

The natural body is the "seed" of the spiritual body. In its present form it is more

or less imperfect, but death, the grave, and resurrection raise it up to the high and perfect standard of the spiritual body. It is the commencement of an eternal existence, and thenceforth consequently a new life begins.

Bishop Magee in his Sermons speaks of "The 'hope set before us in the Gospel,' the 'inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, that fadeth not away,' of which nature gives no promise, science no prophecy, history no hope—the inheritance which the miracle of redemption has purchased, and the miracle of revelation made known, and which the miracle of regeneration conveys."

Dean Alford in "The Blessed Dead" says:—"We must not mistake the sight of the Lord, which immediately follows on the act of death for the complete state of the glorified Christian man. Though greater than our thoughts can now conceive, the bliss of which we are speaking is incomplete.

"The complete condition of man is body, soul, and spirit. The former of these three,

at all events, is wanting to the spirits and souls of the righteous. They are in a waiting, though in an inconceivably blissful state.

"Of the precise nature of that state—of its employments, if employments it has, we know nothing. It is clear that the end of the expectant state of the blessed dead, and the reunion of their spirits with their risen bodies, will take place at the coming of Christ."

Archbishop Whately says:—"The Christian's hope, as founded on the promises contained in the Gospel, is the resurrection of the body."

Isaac Taylor in his "Physical Theory of Another Life" remarks:—"What the Christian Scriptures specifically affirm is the simple physiological fact, of two species of corporeity destined for man; the first, that of our present animal and dissoluble organisation; the second, a future spiritual structure, imperishable, and endowed with

higher powers, and many desirable prerogatives."

The Apostle Paul says:—"There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." Our Lord raised from the dead, and restored to their natural bodies, a child, in the quiet chamber of death, a youth, carried in a funeral procession on a public road, and a man of mature age who had lain in the tomb three days. But these have not as yet received their spiritual bodies.

Isaac Taylor in his "Physical Theory of Another Life" says of the two bodies, that "these, while agreeing in certain general conditions, are contrasted in some important respects, yet both seem as the vehicle and instrument of the higher principle of our nature. The Apostle is treating of the transition which human nature is destined to pass through, from one condition of corporeal existence to another; and he speaks of the laying down of a body that is gross, or at least infirm, perishable,

and ignoble, and the taking up of a body that shall be potent, illustrious, and permanent."

Dr. Maclaren in his Sermons remarks :— "The crown is given at a time called by Paul 'at that day,' which is not the near day of his martyrdom, but that of his Lord's appearing. He does not speak of the fulness of the reward as being ready for him at death, but as being 'henceforth' laid up for him in Heaven. So he looks forward beyond the grave. The immediate future after death was, to his view, a period of blessedness indeed, but not full. The state of the dead in Christ was a state of consciousness, a state of rest, a state of felicity, but also a state of expectation."

Bishop Thorold in his Commentary on Ephesians says :—"Christ by His death has redeemed both body and soul; but the *body* does not enter into its redemption till it is rescued from death and the grave at the resurrection." And Dean Alford in "The Blessed Dead," speaking of "incorrup-

tion" as "that state where there is no decay or passing away," says:—"The bodies of the risen saints, and of those who are to join them in being for ever with the Lord, will be spiritual bodies; bodies tenanted and informed in chief by that highest part of man, which, during this present life, is so much dwarfed down and crushed, viz., his spirit."

Man was created in "the image of God," and the Apostle Paul says:—"As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." And we are told in Scripture that "we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

Dr. Pusey in his "Lectures on Daniel" remarks:—"In contrast to those whose portion was in this world, and in God's earthly gifts, David says where his was. 'As for me I shall behold Thy face in righteousness, I shall be satisfied in the awakening with Thy likeness.' David had before spoken of that beatific vision in contrast with the destruction of the wicked, 'The

upright shall behold His face.' Here alone it is repeated, 'I shall behold Thy face.'

"We cannot form any distinct conception what this spiritual body may be. No such thing has ever come within the range of our experience. But some particulars we do know about it, because God has revealed them; and of these the principal are specified in the passage, 'It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power.'

"As here it was an animal body, subject to the mere animal life, a soul hemmed in by the conditions of that animal life; so there it will be under the dominion of, and suited to the wants of, man's spirit, the lofty and heavenly part of him."

Kurtz, speaking of the burial of the body of Moses, says, that as God would not suffer it to be buried by men, the reason would be, that He did not intend to leave it to corruption; but "imparted a power to it, which

preserved it from corruption, and prepared the way for it to pass into the same form of existence to which Enoch and Elijah were taken, without either death or burial."

Dr. Pusey further says :—" What is death but a mere point in our everlasting relation to Him, over which He Himself, like a tender Shepherd, leads us? Or when in the sight of the fruitlessness of all worldly pursuits and aims, David asks God to teach him his end, what comfort was there to know his end, unless he saw therein what was beyond that end, even Him, of whom in that same Psalm he says, 'My longing is for Thee.' David's words express our Christian hopes. We, whose hopes they express, cannot think that they meant less to David, whose hope they first fed.

"Job looked forward to a manifestation of his Redeemer at the end with power, whether on the earth, or over his own dust specially; that he knew that he himself, for himself, should gaze upon his God, and that

after the destruction of his body he should with the eyes of his flesh behold Him."

Dr. Gall in "Primeval Man Unveiled" remarks:—"We are told that our resurrection bodies are to be like Christ's. 'Our mortal bodies shall be fashioned like unto His glorious body,' and 'we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.' His entering the room where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, when the doors were shut, corresponds with the entry of the angel into the prison where Peter lay bound. His vanishing out of the disciples' sight corresponds with the vanishing of the angel from the sight of Gideon; and his ascent into Heaven from the Mount of Olives corresponds with the ascent of the angel in the smoke of the sacrifice of Manoah. What a glorious prospect does this present of the future inheritance of the redeemed! With bodies possessed of angelic powers and immortality, and, like Gabriel, capable of passing from world to world, in the service

of their Master, the whole Universe, in all its grandeur and beauty, is thrown open to them during the endless ages of eternity. How do our present attainments and opportunities sink into insignificance when compared with this! And how sad the case of those men of science, who, after having got a glimpse of the glories of creation, have to bid them an eternal adieu, when they lie down to die!"

Isaac Taylor in his "Physical Theory of Another Life" says:—"Is there not a latent, or a half latent instinct, in the mind, which speaks of a future liberty of ranging at will through space? There are some, perhaps, who will admit that they have indistinct anticipations of this sort, quite as strong as are those moral and intellectual aspirations after immortality, which have been considered good presumptive proofs of the reality of a future life. The Author would be very slow to seek support to an argument, such as the one now in hand,

from Scriptural expressions which probably ought to be interpreted in a spiritual sense only; he will therefore merely name the often quoted passage in Isaiah, as *possibly* having a secondary reference to the future corporeal powers of the sons of God, "They shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."

Gordon in his "Reflections" remarks: —"The intricate, curious formation of man's body, prophesies some wonderful future to that raised body in a future state. Man could never be satisfied with less than God; his aspirations could not stop short of the infinite; and I believe that Heaven, and the future life, is the exploration of the infinite mind of God; that our life on this earth is a drill-ground for a future active life; the seen things of this world are connected with the unseen things of the next—the seeds of them."

When "the Lord" came down upon Mount Sinai, He "descended in fire;" and when St. Paul at his conversion saw Christ, it was amidst dazzling light. He afterwards speaks of Him as "the effulgence of God's glory, and the very image of His substance;" and he describes Him in his Epistle to Timothy as "dwelling in light unapproachable; whom no man hath seen nor can see."

Ray Palmer beautifully writes :—

"Jesus! these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

"I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee."

Bishop Thorold in "The Gospel of Christ" remarks :—"Yet it will be a marvellous moment when the sinner first meets and sees the Saviour who died for him.

Doubtless the sense of sin will be swallowed up in the joy of redemption; still the first gaze will surely be of penitence mingled with love."

Our Lord says in his Sermon on the Mount, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." St. Paul describes God as "the King eternal, immortal, *invisible;*" and he also speaks of Christ as "the image of the *invisible* God;" and our Lord says, "He that hath seen *Me* hath seen the Father." When Moses and the elders of Israel "saw the God of Israel," "there was under His feet, as it were, a paved work of a sapphire-stone, and as it were the body of heaven in its clearness."

As revealed to us in Ezekiel's vision, it is stated that "above the firmament which was over the heads of the living creatures, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire-stone; and upon the likeness of the throne was the likeness as the appearance of a man upon it."

And the prophet says, "I saw as the colour of amber, as the appearance of fire round about within it; from the appearance of his loins even upward, and from the appearance of his loins even downward, I saw as it were the appearance of fire, and it had brightness round about.

"As the appearance of the bow, that is in the cloud in the day of rain, so was the appearance of the brightness round about. This was the appearance of the likeness of the glory of the Lord."

St. John in Revelation says:—"I was in the Spirit, and behold a throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne, and he that sat was to look upon like a jasper and a sardine-stone; and there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald. And round about the throne were four and twenty seats, and upon the seats I saw four and twenty elders sitting, clothed in white raiment, and they had on their heads crowns of gold."

In a vision which the prophet Daniel saw he says:—"I lifted up mine eyes and looked, and beheld a certain man clothed in linen, whose loins were girded with fine gold of Uphaz. His body also was like the beryl, and his face as the appearance of lightning, and his eyes as lamps of fire, and his arms and his feet like in colour to polished brass, and the voice of his words like the voice of a multitude."

St. John, who had beheld our Lord transfigured, writes:—"I saw seven golden candlesticks: and in the midst of the seven candlesticks one like unto the Son of Man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. His head and His hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and His eyes were as a flame of fire; and His feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and His voice as the sound of many waters. And He had in His right hand seven stars; and out of His mouth

went a sharp two-edged sword; and His countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength."

Bishop Courtenay says :—"Perhaps nothing has been revealed concerning the future state of the blessed which more strongly shows the spirituality of their condition than the abolition of material light. The city they inhabit shall enjoy, without the aid of the solar heavens, a perpetual day.

> 'Nor sun, nor moon they need; nor day nor night,
> God is their temple, and the Lamb their light.'

"It is difficult to suppose that anything resembling the emanation of material rays is intended, though such a notion is encouraged by the appearance of Christ at His transfiguration, 'when His face did shine as the sun, and His raiment was white as the light;' and without some supposition of the kind the vision of the heavenly Jerusalem fades completely from before the eyes of the imagination."

We may remember also that after Moses had been with the Lord forty days and forty nights (although he was not aware of it), "the skin of his face shone," and Aaron and the children of Israel "were afraid to come nigh him."

Bickersteth speaking of Heaven says :—

"But there no lamp appeared,—no sun, no moon,
No star for glimmering in the azure vault;
And yet the islands of the southern seas,
Basking in light, when rains have cleared the sky,
Were never bathed in radiance pure as this."

St. John speaking in Revelation of "the Holy Jerusalem descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God," says, "Her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal." Our Lord referring to "the end of the world" says :—"Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." St. Matthew tells us that the angel of the Lord sat on a stone which he had rolled back from the door of our

Lord's sepulchre, and that "his countenance was like lightning." The "two men," Moses and Elias, at our Lord's transfiguration, "appeared in glory," and a bright cloud, the visible sign of the presence of the invisible God, overshadowed them. So when the angel mentioned in Revelation came down from Heaven, "the earth was lightened with his glory."

Victor Antiochenus on a passage quoted by Du Veil says:—"We must not suppose that there is to be any change of the natural form of man in the kingdom of Heaven, for as the appearance of Christ was not in itself changed, but only illumined (or glorified), so also the just, who will be conformed to His glorious body, will not be changed as to their outward form. Their bodies will only receive a certain accession of splendour and light, which St. Paul calls a 'change,' but the evangelists, 'a transfiguration.'"

Dr. Pusey in his "Lectures on Daniel" says:—"'In Thee is the fountain of life,

and in Thy light shall be seen light.' What can it mean, but that when we shall be plunged into that ocean of Light, which God is, all darkness shall cease; then admitted to Himself, the Fountain of Life, we shall see in Him, what on earth we never saw, the true Eternal light? What is this but the vision of God?"

When our Lord Himself was transfigured, St. Matthew says:—"His face did shine as the sun, and His raiment was white as the light." And St. Luke states that "the fashion of His countenance was altered, and His raiment was white and glistering." And St. Mark says:—"His raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow, so as no fuller on earth can white them."

Adam and Eve were both naked, and "were not ashamed" until their "eyes were opened" after their fall. It might have been assumed from this, that the idea of clothing was associated with a fallen condition. This, however, does not appear to be

the case, as we find that on all occasions, when angels or heavenly beings have been seen, they have been clothed in white raiment, described on one occasion as "a long white garment."

Thus when our Lord ascended to Heaven, "two men in white apparel" stood by the apostles. So St. John in Revelation tells us, that Christ says of the saints of the Church in Sardis, "They shall walk with Me in white, for they are worthy." And speaking of Heaven he says:—"I beheld a great multitude which no man could number, ... clothed with white robes and palms in their hands." Also "I saw four and twenty elders clothed in white raiment, and they had on their heads crowns of gold." And in another place he describes seven angels "clothed in pure and white linen, and having their breasts girded with golden girdles."

CHAPTER VI.

HEAVEN.

"O Jesus mine, Thou rest Divine,
Lead me to Sion's height,
That I with all Thy ransomed ones
May walk with Thee in white!"

MANKIND, with almost childlike interest, have constantly longed, in some degree, to realise, while here on earth, what are the beauties and joys of Heaven.

These will probably appeal to the eye, to the ear, and to the affections. We are told that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit." Although these words apply primarily to the blessed-

ness of the Gospel dispensation, they would seem also to refer to the glories of Heaven.

The subject of Heaven, like that of God, Eternity, Infinity, transcends the mind of man, and we must humbly accept what is revealed to us in God's Word.

D. L. Moody says:—"If people would but read their Bibles more, and study what there is to be found about Heaven, they would not be as worldly-minded as they are. They would not have their hearts set upon things down here, but would seek the imperishable things above."

Bishop Thorold in "The Gospel of Christ" remarks:—"Glorified humanity will chiefly be made up of a mass of insignificant people, who have had humble duties, small resources, moderate gifts, slender opportunities, homely presence, and limited scope, but who were dear to God, humbly followed Christ, and were faithful unto death."

Where may be the locality of Heaven, or its distance from earth, is not revealed to

us. Dr. Gall thinks that the angel Gabriel, when he flew swiftly to Daniel, on his day of fasting and prayer, occupied probably from about six to ten hours in his passage from Heaven to earth.

C. J. Spurgeon says :—"Verily I ween that between here and Heaven there is but a slender division ; if we did but know it Heaven is much nearer than we think."

And Horatius Bonar writes :—

"Surely, yon Heaven where angels see God's face,
Is not so distant as we deem,
From this low earth. 'Tis but a little space,
The narrow crossing of a slender stream ;
'Tis but a veil which winds might blow aside.
Yes, these are all that us of earth divide
From the bright dwelling of the glorified,
The land of which I dream."

The Apostle Paul had a wonderful revelation. He says :—"I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago (whether in the body, I know not ; or whether out of the body, I know not ; God knoweth), such an one caught up even to the third heaven . . .

and into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter."

In "The Better Land" we have a specimen of the delightful word-painting of Mrs. Hemans on the subject of Heaven, in a supposed dialogue between herself and child, as follows :—

"I hear thee speak of the better land ;
Thou callest its children a happy band ;
Mother ! oh where is that radiant shore ?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire flies dance through the myrtle boughs ?—
Not there, not there, my child !

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?
Or 'midst the green islands on glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?—
Not there, not there, my child !

"Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold ?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,

And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?—
Not there, not there, my child!

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy;
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death cannot enter there:
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
For beyond the grave and beyond the tomb;—
It is there—it is there—my child!"

The ideas of a child of ten years, respecing Heaven, derived from the Bible, a embodied by her in the following verses:-

"That fair, fair land,
Where the angels stand,
Before the Redeemer's throne,
Where the saints do sing,
And the harps do ring,
For He's theirs, and they're His own.

"That ever blue sky,
Where the flowers never die,
And the river of God flows so bright;
Of the sun they've no need,
Nor the moon do they heed,
For the Lord He Himself is their light.

"Those white gates of pearl,
And that clear jasper wall,
And that pavement of shining gold,
Those mansions so blest,
Where the weary have rest,
In that City which never grows old."

We find in Revelation a description of the wonderful precious stones which constitute the wall and foundations of the New Jerusalem, filling our minds with visions of magnificence and glory.

The beautiful jewels of this earth, which are so valuable and attractive, are found in small pieces, as if they were mere fragments of great and glorious precious stones, such as those which are thus described by Bernard, as belonging to the Heavenly City:—

"With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emerald blaze,
The sardius and the topaz,
Unite in thee their rays.

"Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ."

Dr. Guthrie in "The Religion of Life" compares "the Church of the living God" to the diamond, as being "one," although like the diamond "it presents various aspects," for "there are differences of administration, but the same Lord."

And bearing upon this idea he says:— "Distinguished from other jewels that have but one colour, such as the fiery ruby, the milk-white pearl, the sapphire that borrows its tint from the sky, and the emerald from the sea, diamonds owe their beauty, brilliancy, and costly value to this, that they burn with many hues. Turned round they sparkle with shifting colours as the light flashes from their different faces. Still, though it appears in this variety of aspects, the diamond is one gem, 'pure and undefiled,' as a dew-drop distilled from the skies."

Heaven, as a place where the beauties of climate and nature are associated, is thus described by Dr. Watts:—

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between."

The same ideas are thus beautifully expressed in Solomon's Song :—

'Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away,
For, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs,
And the vines with a tender grape give a good smell.
Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."

Logan, in beautiful language, also sets forth a similar character of happiness, when speaking of the life of the cuckoo. He says :—

"Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear,
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song
No winter in thy year."

Dante gives us a wonderful picture of a fair unearthly valley, which Dean Plumptre quotes as being "painted with a jewelled beauty, that reminds us of Fra Angelico." He says :—

"Gold, silver, crimson, white-lead's whitest bit,
The Indian wood so lucent and serene,
Bright emeralds, at the moment when they split,
Placed in that vale the plants and flowers between,
Would each and all be found surpassed in hue,
As less by greater overpowered as seen.
Nor did we Nature's painting only view,
But of a thousand fragrant odours sweet,
She made a mingled perfume strange and new."

In "Songs of Eternal Life" we have the following wonderful realisation of Heaven :—

"O city beautiful! Thy Light appears,—
The gates by grace set wide,—
The home for which through long, long exile years
My weary spirit sighed,—
The false and empty shadows,
The life of sin are past,—
God gives me mine inheritance,
Eternal life at last.

"But who are they that come,—the glorious ones,
As stars along the way,—

A Royal Diadem of pleasant stones?
My Lord's elect are they.
He sent them forth to meet me,
Where dark with mist of fears,
The land of gloom lay round me,
My distant land of tears.

"The Patriarchs and Saints of olden days,
The Christians all unknown,
Who bore the heat of persecution-blaze,
Or nameless cross alone,—
I see them crowned with glory,
And shining from afar,—
To them the Lord their Saviour,
Has given the Morning Star."

We are told in Revelation that in the new Heaven "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain." And St. John says of those who "have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," not only "that they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat," but that "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

The happiness of rest is often mentioned in the Bible. Thus Job, speaking of the state of sleep in death, says:—

"There the wicked cease from troubling;
And there the weary are at rest."

And nothing has been more comforting in all ages, to the wearied Christian, than the words in the Epistle to the Hebrews, "There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God?"

Faber, expressing the idea in verse, tells us:—

"Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last."

Bishop Barry in his Sermons says:—"There is a rest in the Lord now, even on earth; there is a yet more blessed rest hereafter, in that world unseen; there is a Heaven to come, in which alone all the whole scope of promises of the prophetic vision shall be fulfilled. Holy Scriptures accumulate upon

it, in rich profusion, all the images of outward beauty and glory, which the knowledge of this imperfect world can supply, till human language fails and passes into mystery."

Bishop Magee in his Sermons remarks: —"There are hours when, in the sharpness of some sore trial, in the weary heart-sickness of some bitter sorrow, we only long to flee away and be at rest; when we see through our blinding tears but the far off gleam of the walls of the golden city, and think how blessed to be within their safe defence, where no pain nor grief can ever come."

Blair speaking of the departed says:—

> "How calm their rest,
> Night dews fall not more gently on the ground,
> Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft."

For this rest Gordon must have yearned when he wrote:—"Oh for that home, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary have rest; when the good

fight will have been fought, the dusty labour finished, and the crown of life given —when our eyes will behold the only One that ever knew our sorrows and trials, and has borne with us in them all, soothing and comforting our weary souls."

Princess Alice shortly before her death wrote :—"Life is *not* endless in this world, God be praised! And as the number of those one loves increases in Heaven, it makes our passage easier—and *home* is there."

Lord Hatherley in his Correspondence says :—"A something within us here is always whispering, that man is formed for labour, and confirms, if it needed confirmation, the record of the primeval curse. I have often dwelt in my heart upon the peace and rest of Heaven, which I apprehend will be *spiritual* rest from sin, and from the assaults of the Tempter; for no doubt the angels are continually and actively employed in God's service. A rest from the wickedness of others must bring unspeakable calm to

the persecuted saint; but oh, how infinitely more overwhelming the joyfulness of heart of the wearied and trembling sinner, when his warfare shall have been accomplished, and 'his iniquities pardoned.'" Of such persons it may be said in the words of Bickersteth—

"For them the wild is past,
With all its toil and care,
Its withering midnight blast,
Its fiery noonday glare."

Faber writing on the same subject says:—

"How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
Like the bright slanting West,
Thou leadest down into the glow,
Where all those heaven-bound sunsets go,
Ever from toil to rest."

So Mrs. Hemans in beautiful poetry says:

"But rest, more sweet and still
Than ever night-fall gave,
Our yearning hearts shall fill,
In the world beyond the grave.

"There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noontide heat;
There shall be no more snow,
No weary wandering feet.

"So we lift our trusting eyes
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies—
To the Sabbath of our God."

In "Songs of Eternal Life" we read following poetic and graphic descriptio the restful state of a Christian a death :—

"In Jesus' arms her soul doth rest,
In earth her ashes sweetly sleep—
Now heart to heart is warmly pressed,
In rest unutterably deep.
Her pain and grief have found an end,
In that sweet place of Christ her Friend ;
She floats o'er heaven's tranquil sea—
The Lamb her light of endless day.
Our God hath wiped her tears away—
Hath healed her wondrously.

"She hath escaped from sin and strife,
Where she is they have never been ;
She hath received the crown of Life,
She standeth as a bride and queen,
By Him who is our King of old,
In glorious raiment of wrought gold,
She sees His face in vision bright—
His deep love filling all her soul—
For evermore hath made her whole
A-light in the great Light.

"The child can see the Father's face,
Can love as none on earth can do;
Can understand those words of grace—
'Himself, the Father, loveth you.'
A fathomless abyss of peace,
An endless sea of blessedness,
Her spirit-eyes have looked upon;
The Lord Almighty she hath seen—
She knows what heir of God may mean
And joint-heir with His Son."

CHAPTER VII.

PLEASURES FOR EVERMORE.

"Thou shalt the paths of life display,
Which to Thy presence lead,
Where pleasures dwell without alloy,
And joys that never fade."

E. L. HULL in his Sermons says:—"Inheriting God we inherit all things. Here thought and language fail us. We know not what we shall be, but we know that the universe is our Father's house. Its many mansions, many worlds, many domains of beauty and grandeur, which eye hath not seen, nor heart conceived, have been prepared for the conquering sons of God."

It is said of the righteous man:—"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off." There are only three passages in the

Bible which declare to us what God *is*, although there are very many which speak *about* Him. These are, "God is a Spirit," "God is Light," and "God is Love."

Our Lord said to His disciples:—"This is life eternal, that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." This life begins on earth, and grows on, and constitutes the life of eternity.

Drummond in his "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" writes:—"Life eternal is to know God. To know God is to 'correspond' with God. To correspond with God is to correspond with a perfect Environment. And the organism which attains to this, in the nature of things, must live for ever. Here is 'eternal existence, and eternal knowledge,' a correspondence which can never break, with an Environment which can never change. Here is a relation established with Eternity. The passing years lay no limiting hand on it, corruption

injures it not; it survives death; it, and it only, will stretch beyond the grave."

St. Paul knew this when he said:—"I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

We are told in Scripture that in God's "presence is fulness of joy," and at His "right hand there are pleasures for evermore." In Heaven there will be the knowledge of God, and the complete satisfaction of the soul. And there will probably be included among other pleasures the charms of celestial music, and the recognition of departed friends.

D. L. Moody says:—"Not the least of the riches of Heaven will be the satisfaction of those wants of the soul which are so much felt down here, but never fully met—such as infinite knowledge, perfect peace, and satisfying love."

Bishop Magee in his Sermons, speaking of

the Christian's future life, says :—" It must be a state of infinite progress; a life not as we often think of it, of progress arrested; a life in which humanity, once, and once for all, perfected, has before it only an eternity of virtuous repose, but rather one of intense and incessant activity. The promise of eternal life necessarily implies this, for life is something more than mere existence. Life, in its truest meaning, is the highest and happiest manner of being; it is existence with every power of our nature in its fullest, freest exercise."

He further says :—" Think of the eternity of a race, to whose advance there is actually no limit, save that which forbids the finite to become infinite; which leaves, therefore, to the creature, who still adores, and contemplates, and approaches to his Creator, still an eternity of progress!" And speaking of "eternal progress" he remarks :—" How much of our present life is lost in our perpetual warfare against

death. How much in the labour for the meat that perisheth. How much in those low, wearing, petty cares and anxieties that weigh down to earth the noblest souls! How much of each life, how much of the sum of all lives, seems wasted in the mere effort to live! How much of the experience of each life perishes with it! What glorious treasures of knowledge are buried in each generation over and over again."

But in Heaven the Christian will experience to the full what he has only imperfectly realized here, the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. And as St. Peter says:—"Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

The Christian will thus be able to feel, in his own case, how true are the beautiful words of Bernard when speaking of Christ:—

"Ah this no tongue can utter; this
No mortal page can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know."

There are two kinds of tongues mentioned in the Bible, namely, "The tongues of men and of angels." But we know that the insufficiency of human words, in many cases, prevents the complete expression of ideas, and we can conceive of their realization in an easier and more perfect form than by their translation into language. For in such translation we cannot help being influenced, during the process, by the laws of the mind, with which our ideas must necessarily come into contact, and so they are often presented to us in an imperfect form.

Isaac Taylor in his "Physical Theory of Another Life" says:—"Every profoundly impressioned and sensitive mind, accustomed to hold language in abeyance during its processes of analysis and abstraction, is painfully conscious of the inferiority of any actual medium of expression that is at its command."

There are also certain things which are said to be "too sublime to be spoken of in

earthly speech, for they are figureless and formless." And Isaac Taylor further says: —"In the recesses of the human mind there is a world of thought, which, for the want of determination and fit symbols, never assumes any fixed form, such as might beneficially constitute a part of the intellectual and moral wealth of the species, or even much augment the wisdom and virtue of the man."

Angus Smith writing in "Good Words" says:—"Emotions are comparatively common, it is genius that frames them into thoughts. Emotions are the poetry of the soul, and perhaps of the body also, before the intellect has given them language. A poet of intense emotion shed tears of vehement excitement when he saw the mountains of Switzerland, and there is still room for a poet to translate these tears into words."

Wordsworth writes:—

> "To me, the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

It has been said that "there are some things which are not so much intellectually known as spiritually felt." And Isaac Taylor in his "Physical Theory of Another Life" says:—"To a great extent it must be granted that the body serves the soul, only in order that the soul may the more effectually serve the body; as if a brute held a man in bondage, whom it compelled to lend it his superior intelligence, and whom for its own purposes it would cheerfully carry and help at bidding."

He further remarks that the apostle says:—"If there be tongues they shall fail;" and that it may be intended, not that the various languages of earth shall be exchanged for the one language of Heaven, but rather that language itself, or the use of arbitrary symbols, shall give place to the conveyance of thought, in its native state, from mind to mind. The conveyance of emotions by the varying expressions of the countenance, and which is understood, as if instinctively, by

infants and by animals, gives us a faint indication, at least, of a mode of communication much more intuitive and immediate than that of language; nor is it very difficult, by the aid of this instance, to carry forward our conceptions so far as to grasp what we are now supposing, namely, an instantaneous and real unfolding of the thought and feeling of one mind, by an act of its own, to other minds." Constantina Brooks writes:—

"The mid-noon sunbeam, flooding earth with splendour,
Is but a veil that shrouds light more intense;
And wordless feeling, thrills of rapture tender,
They spring to being—whence?"

And E. L. Hull in his Sermons says:—"As yet the veil is over us; we can only catch a faint gleam of the splendour of the inheritance. We are like men standing outside some mighty temple, seeing now and then the glory streaming through its gorgeous windows, and faintly hearing the music rolling through its dome. But soon the

veil shall be lifted, and we shall 'know, even as also we are known.'"

One of the most absorbing, and the most pure of earthly passions, is the love of music, and under its spell many people feel their senses wrapt, as it has been said, "in sweet forgetfulness of time, place, and circumstance," and its fascination has sometimes continued even in the hour of death.

Thus the "Edinburgh Review," in its remarks on Chopin, the great musician, whose favourite composer was Mozart, says, that "in the closing days of his last illness, when he was passing away as in a dream, an English lady, herself a great mistress of his instrument, frequently played to him at his own request. As the end drew near he said, 'Play Mozart, I can listen to no other music now.'"

We are informed by his Biographer, that Dr. Norman Macleod, the evening before his death, was able "to enjoy music, and his daughter played and sang some of his favour-

ite pieces, including the 'Marche Funebre' of Beethoven, and Mozart's 'Kyrie Eleison.' He was greatly moved by Newman's well-known hymn, 'Lead, Kindly Light,' which, strange to say, he had never heard before;" and more especially with the lines—

"Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me."

And how wonderful is the universal language of music which, even in its imperfect earthly state, is found to be so delightful and so absorbing! The soul of man has great capacity for its enjoyment, and melody seems so adapted to our nature as to bring joy and happiness into many hearts. We hear with admiration not only the singing of the human voice, and the music of instruments, but also the songs of birds.

Mrs. Hemans' associated the ideas of flowers and music, and says:—

"By what strange spell
Is it, that ever, when I gaze on flowers
I dream of music? Something in their hues
All melting into coloured harmonies."

We are told in her "Memoir" that at one time she had "an awakened enthusiasm for music which amounted to an absolute passion. 'I do not think,' she wrote, 'that I can bear the burden of my life without music for two or three days' . . . it was impossible for any earthly strains to approach that ideal and unattainable standard of perfection which existed within her mind."

She writes :—

"Like perfumes on the wind,
Which none may stay or bind,
The beautiful comes floating through my soul ;
I strive with yearnings vain,
The spirit to detain,
Of the deep harmonies that past me roll.

"Therefore disturbing dreams,
Trouble the secret streams,
And founts of music that o'erflow my breast,
Something far more divine
Than may on earth be mine,
Haunts my worn heart and will not let me rest

"Shall I then fear the tone,
That breathes from worlds unknown ?—

Surely these feverish aspirations *there*,
Shall grasp their full desire,
And this unsettled fire
Burn calmly, brightly, in immortal air."

Faber says of music :—

"My soul is possessed with yearnings,
Which make my life broaden and swell;
And I hear strange things that are soundless,
And I see the invisible."

And Milton uses grand and eloquent language when speaking of the music of Heaven, as he says :—

"Where the bright Seraphim, in burning row,
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the cherubic host, in thousand quires,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires."

Neale writes :—

"They through the fields of Paradise that roam,
The blessèd ones repeat through that bright home,
Alleluia !"

A departing saint is represented as exclaiming :—

"Methinks I hear the voices of the blessèd as they stand,
Sweet singing in the sunshine of the unclouded land."

Milton says of a departed Christian :—

"There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing, in their glory move
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes."

Mrs. Hemans in "A Poet's Dying Hymn" writes :—

"Yes, the young vernal voices in the skies,
Woo me not back, but, wandering past mine ear,
Seem heralds of the eternal melodies,
The spirit-music, imperturb'd and clear—
The full of soul, yet passionate no more,
Let me, too, joining those pure strains adore!
I bless Thee, O my God!

We are told that "sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning;" and that "as we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." And what a joyful experience death will be to every Christian; and what a marvellous change it will accomplish for a person bowed down by pain, sorrow, and suffering, is well described by Faber as follows :—

"My God! and it was but a short hour ago
That I lay on a bed of unbearable pain;
All was cheerless around me, all weeping and woe;
Now the wailing is changed to angelical strains."

George Herbert was a great lover Church music, he called it "Heaven up earth," and attended it a few days befo his death. And so he would be in position to sympathize with the sent ments expressed in poetry by Constanti Brooks:—

"The organ song, that through the aisle rejoices
The star-isled midnight, shoreless sea serene,
Are forms that clothe the Formless—are the Voices,
The whispers of the Unseen."

Neale says:—

"First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say
Alleluia!"

Indeed we find that at sunrise the birds begin at once to be glad. And Maria Hare writes of "the joyous birds singing their praises to God, and 'All things that breathe' giving Him thanks, far better than our thankless poor souls."

And who that has listened to the thrilling, sustained whistle of the swift, as he flies rapidly to and fro, near the lofty tower of some cathedral or stately church, does not almost feel as if he heard sounds of celestial music borne upon the wings of the wind, and so in some degree realizes what is said in Cecilia Havergal's "Swallow's Story,"

> "I have caught the distant echoes,
> In my flights above the cloud,
> Of those beauteous seraph voices,
> Singing anthems clear and loud."

It may be remarked that there is a great deal more said in the Bible about praise than about prayer. Praise will indeed go on throughout eternity, and many of the Psalms of David are filled with it. Thus even in *one* verse of a Psalm the people are repeatedly exhorted as follows:—"Sing praises to God, sing praises; sing praises unto our King; sing praises."

In the last Psalm, after giving an exhortation to praise God with singing and

with all kinds of musical instruments, t Psalmist says :—" Let everything that ha breath praise the Lord."

He also calls upon all creation to pra the Lord, so that all life and all nature m join to show forth His praise. Neale, beautiful language, embodies this sentime and says :—

" The planets glittering on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations join, and say Alleluia!

" Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite your Alleluia!

" Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow;
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing Alleluia!"

CHAPTER VIII.

RECOGNITION OF FRIENDS.

"Come let us join our friends above
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise."

D. L. Moody says:—"When a loved one is taken away from us, how we wonder if we shall ever see him or her again, and where and when it shall be! Then it is we turn to the blessed Book, no other book can tell us where the loved ones have gone.

"Many are anxious to know if they will recognise their friends in Heaven. In St. Matthew we read: 'I say unto you, that many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, in the kingdom of Heaven.' Here we find that Abráham who lived so

many hundreds of years before Christ, had not lost his identity."

Archdeacon Paley in his Sermons says :— "Since, then, a great alteration will take place in the frame and constitution of the bodies with which we shall be raised, from these which we carry with us to the grave, it requires some authority or passage of Scripture to prove that after this change, and in this new state, we shall be known again to one another, and that those who know each other on earth will know each other in heaven. I do allow that the general strain of Scripture seems to suppose it; that when St. Paul speaks 'of the spirits of just men made perfect,' and of their 'coming to the general assembly of the saints,' it seems to import that we should be known of them and of one another."

The three disciples appear, as if by intuition, to have recognised the identity of Moses and Elias at the transfiguration, and this would seem to be evidence that there will be such *recognition* in a future state.

Bishop Butler in his "Analogy" remarks, that "when we go out of this world, we may pass into new scenes and a new state of life and action, just as naturally as we came into the present; and this new state may naturally be a social one."

Cicero gives expression to the natural desire there is for the renewal of earthly friendships in another world. He says:— "O glorious day, when I shall depart to that divine company and assemblage of spirits, and quit this troubled and polluted scene! For I shall go not only to those great men whom I reverence, but also to my friend Cato, than whom never was better man born."

Dr. Pusey in his "Lectures on Daniel" says:—"The belief in reunion after death lies in the varied expressions of the association of the soul by death with those who have gone before. It was said first in the form of a promise, 'Thou shall go to thy fathers in peace.' Of Abraham, Ishmael,

Isaac, and Jacob, it is said, 'He was gathered unto his people,'—words which do not intend a reunion of the bodies in a common burial place; for Abraham was not buried with his fathers, nor was Ishmael; and Jacob speaks of it as something distinct from his burial, 'I am gathered unto my people; bury me with my fathers.' It means also more than a common lot of death. It speaks of the 'I,' and of a congregation, into which each 'I' should be received, the assembly of those who have been parted with out of sight for a time, but with whom through death he should be joined. David's comfort of himself as to his child, 'I shall go to him,' implies the same belief of personal reunion. The later language, he 'slept with his fathers,' contained the same truth." But it may be remarked, that much as David loved Absalom, he utters no such thought with regard to *him*.

St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Thessal-

onians, speaking of the converts in the Church there, says:—"For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing, are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming?" He further says, they will have "rest with us when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven." So also, "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died, and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." These passages would appear to hold out the expectation of future recognition and association, as an antidote against undue sorrow for the loss of departed friends.

Dr. Maclaren in his Sermons says:—"It is no solitary blessedness to which Paul looked forward. So we may cherish the hope of a social Heaven. Man's course begins in a garden, but it ends in a city.

The final condition will be the perfection of human society. There all who love Christ will be drawn together, and old ties, broken for a little while here, be re-knit in yet holier form, never to be parted more."

Archdeacon Paley in his Sermons remarks:—"Religion disarms even death. It disarms it of that which is its bitterness and its sting—the power of dividing those who are dear to one another."

And Longfellow says:—

"The mother gave in tears and pain
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again,
In the fields of light above."

Pope is almost commonplace when he says:—

"Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear;
A sigh, the absent claims, the dead a tear."

But Geraldine Stock writes with much feeling:—

"There is no halting in our life;
And as we onward tread,
Further we seem to pass away
From our beloved dead.

"Time leaves them in their calm repose,
While us he onward bears,
And ever still the distance grows
That parts our life from theirs.

"But when we reach the heavenly shore,
Most surely we shall find,
That it was *they*, who went before,
And we who stayed behind."

Coleridge inquires :—

"O ye dear and friendly faces,
Loved through all your mortal changes,
Are ye but stars, to shine through this life's night,
Destined, in Heaven's great day, to vanish from our sight?"

rs. Hemans writes :—

"Under the dark rich blue
Of midnight heavens, and on the star-lit sea,
And when woods kindle into Spring's first hue,
Sweet friends! remember me!"

And she speaks with much pathos as she ells upon—

"Looks of familiar love, that never more,
Never on earth, our aching eyes shall meet,
Past words of welcome to our household door,
And vanished smiles and sounds of parted feet."

But she says :—

"Over the deep the free bird finds his home,
And the stream lingers midst the rocks, yet greets
The sea at last ; and the winged flower-seed meets
A soil to rest in ; shall not I too be,
My spirit love ! upborne to dwell with thee ?"

. . . . . .

"Have we not communed here of life and death ?
Have we not said that love, such love as ours,
Was not to perish as a rose's breath,
To melt away like song from festal bowers ?

"Thine eye's last light was mine—that soul that shone
Intensely mournfully through gathering haze—
Didst thou bear with thee, to the shore unknown,
Nought of what lived in that long, earnest gaze ?"

When Dr. Marsh was dying, his daughter says :—"He spoke more than once to our (late) mother—the beloved of his early days—saying, 'Maria darling,' and two or three times smiled, and waved his hand towards the foot of the bed, when none, whom *our* eyes could see, were standing there."

Dean Alford pathetically asks:—

"Wilt thou remember me when I am gone,
Further each year from thy vision withdrawn,
Thou in the sunset, and I in the dawn?"

Bishop Thorold remarks:—"We are not really severed from those who sleep in Jesus. They are in one chamber, we in another. God visits us both; we cannot meet; that is all."

So also Keble in his "Christian Year" says:—

"'Tis sweet as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse,
How grows in Paradise our store."

E. L. Hull in his Sermons says:—"Death can do nothing to our fellowships but give them the perfection for which we vainly sigh here. They pass through to burial, to rise in the fairer colours of an eternal spring. The hands we grasped once, and for whose 'vanished touch' we wept in agony, shall be clasped again, in the assurance of an eternal brotherhood. The voices

that grew still, and left a silence which seemed the very bitterness of death, shall be heard again, only purified from the notes of sorrow, and resonant with the praises of the Lamb. Yes! and those dying eyes, that seemed to watch you with a tenderness unspeakable, until they looked beyond your ken, and gazed for one strange moment on the vision of the spiritual world, shall gaze on you again, filled with the light of a celestial beauty, and with a love that shall 'shed no tears.'"

Dr. Norman Macleod writing in "Good Words" says:—"Not therefore with sadness, but with joy, I can turn from beholding the dead unmeaning eye of the lifeless body through which the noble mind once shone with mild intellectual lustre, and contemplate rather the same mind rising over the everlasting hills, amidst the fresh unsullied brightness of a new-born day, and advancing forever, without a cloud, amidst the endless glories of the upper sky."

That there will be degrees in Heaven is proved by our Lord's words, when He was asked that James and John might sit, one on His right hand and the other on the left, in His kingdom and glory. Our Lord said, "To sit on My right hand, and on My left, is not Mine to give; but it shall be given to them for whom it is prepared of My Father." And St. Paul speaking of the resurrection says:—"There is one glory of the sun, another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars, for one star differeth from another star in glory."

Christ is also described by St. Paul as being raised by God from the dead, and being made "to sit at His right hand, in the heavenly places, far above all rule, and authority, and power, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come." And it is stated by St. Paul that the object of his preaching to the Gentiles was "to the intent, that now, unto the principalities

and the powers, in the heavenly places, might be made known through the Church the manifold wisdom of God."

Mrs. Hare on "The Heavenly Inheritance" writes:—"It is a crown of victory which is prepared for those who dwell in Heaven's mansions; and it is in this way that the feeling of ambition, grafted in our human nature, will find its true consummation, not comparatively with others, but positively, each star will have its own peculiar glory; but each one will be satisfied with its own, not wishing to be *lower*, any more than higher, than its brethren. All will be seeking only the glory of their Lord, and losing their own identity in Him."

CHAPTER IX.

DYING EXPERIENCES.

"Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste;
Fly fearless through death's iron gate
Nor feel the terrors as she past.

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

In the history of Enoch given in Genesis, we are told that he "walked with God, and he was not, for God took him." For as St. Paul tells us, "By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death, and was not found, because God had translated him; for before his translation he had this testimony that he pleased God."

The impression made by the history of Enoch, that "God took him," is marked by

the repetition of the word as to the ascension of Elijah. On that memorable occasion there appeared a "chariot of fire, and horses of fire," "and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into Heaven." And Horatius Bonar describes him as—

> "Caught gently upwards to an early crown,
> In heaven's own chariot of all-blazing light,
> With death untasted
> And the grave unknown."

We have no record of any utterance, by either Aaron or Moses, in the prospect of death. Thus we are told that Moses went with Aaron to the top of Mount Hor, and stripped him of his garments, and put them on Eleazar his son, and then Aaron died. So also Moses went up to the top of Pisgah, and the Lord showed him the promised land; and Moses "died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord," and God buried him.

What a sublime account St. Matthew gives of the "departure" of the Son of God!

"Now, from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour. And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? that is to say, My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?

"Some of them that stood there, when they heard that, said, This man calleth for Elias. And straightway one of them ran, and took a sponge, and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave Him to drink. The rest said, Let be, let us see whether Elias will come to save Him.

"Jesus, when he had cried again with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost. And behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent; and the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after His resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many. Now when the centurion, and they

that were with him watching Jesus, saw the earthquake, and those things that were done, they feared greatly, saying, Truly this was the Son of God."

The Author of "Fontenelle on the Signs of Death" remarks, that "it was the opinion of Addison that nothing in history was so imposing, nothing so pleasing and affecting, as the accounts of the behaviour of eminent persons in their dying hour. Montaigne, before him, had given expression to the same sentiment. Of all the passages in the annals of mankind, those, he said, which attracted and delighted him most, were the words and gestures of departing men."

At such times men are accustomed to show their real characters, but a large number of persons pass away, who from their weak and exhausted bodily condition are unable to give any sign of what they realize at the time of their departure. Of those, however, who have been able to make themselves understood, a number of facts

are recorded, as to the experience and feelings, both of the righteous and the wicked, and under the circumstances this is all the information which can be expected.

As respects the wicked, Joseph Cook in his "Biology" truly remarks:—"A death-bed repentance is never to be encouraged *before* the time; or discouraged *at* the time."

Sir Thomas Brown in his "Religio Medici" says:—"It is to be observed that men sometimes upon the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves; for then the soul begins to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality." And indeed "many of the ancients imagined that the departing imbibed a Divine power, from that world to which they were bound, and spoke like gods in proportion as they were ceasing to be men."

A writer in the "Contemporary Review,"

speaking of "an unconscious foreboding of death in a man's spirit," remarks:—"The officers of an Arctic expedition, hemmed in by vast hummocks of ice, could read on the sky, each morning, an indication that an open sea lay at no great distance. 'The atmosphere over the water was of a deeper blue than the sky over the ice.' Even so it may be, that a soul which is ready to depart reads on the horizon the signs of a sea change."

It is said that a well-known royal personage, two days before he died, and when he appeared to be in his usual health, persistently talked about death, and the kind of funeral he would prefer. And it has been stated that he said to a lady at that time, "For two nights now, Princess —— has appeared to me in my dreams, and says she is quite happy, and she wants me to come and join her; that's what makes me so thoughtful."

The Biographer of Dr. Norman Macleod tells us, that about three weeks before

he died, he said and did things which afterwards seemed to indicate a feeling of approaching death. When at Balmoral, shortly before that time, "he spoke to more than one of its being his last visit, and in some of his letters there were expressions so solemn, as to have startled the friends who received them." After his death, Her Majesty the Queen, writing of his last visit to Balmoral, says, that she had "some lengthened conversation with him, when he dwelt much on that future world to which he now belongs."

Christmas Evans, after preaching the last Sunday of his life, was heard to say, as he was coming down the pulpit stairs, loud enough to be heard by many present, "This is my last sermon." His Biographer says:—"And it was even so. He was taken very ill during the night; the next day he was worse; the next day worse still, and then medical assistance was called in. But on the Thursday he got up and walked for some time in the garden;

at night he was worse again, and on Friday morning, at two o'clock, he said to his friends who were round his bed, 'I am leaving you.' After some remarks as to his 'having never failed to preach Christ and Him crucified,' he repeated a verse from a favourite Welsh hymn, and then, as if he had done with earth, he waved his hand, and exclaimed, 'GOOD-BYE! DRIVE ON!' He turned over and seemed to sleep. He slept indeed. His friends tried to rouse him, but the chariot had passed over the everlasting hills."

The Biographer of Dr. Norman Macleod says, that the night before his death, "he described with great delight the dreams he had been enjoying, or rather the visions which seemed to be passing vividly before his eyes, even while he was speaking. He said, 'You cannot imagine what exquisite pictures I see! I never beheld more glorious Highlands, majestic mountains and glens, brown heather tinted with purple, and burns —clear, clear burns; and above, a sky of

intense blue—so blue, without a cloud!'" On the day of his death he said: "I have had constant joy, and the happy thought continually whispered, 'Thou art with Me!' Not many would understand me, they would put down much that I have felt to the delirium of weakness, but I have had deep spiritual insight." Very shortly before he died, he said to one of his daughters, "Now all is perfect peace and perfect calm. I have glimpses of Heaven that no tongue or pen or words can describe."

The following account is given of the death of the third daughter of Legh Richmond:—"She was most ardently attached to her husband, and desired him to kneel down, and commit her soul to God in the agony of departure. Presently she whispered, 'I cannot hear now.' Then, 'My sight is failing—Oh! this is death.' She begged we would keep perfect silence, and lay her straight on the bed. We stood motionless and gazing on her. She made

several attempts to speak, but in vain; but I heard her breathe out very faintly, 'Now it begins to look lovely!' A moment after, fixing her eyes upward, and smiling with a placid countenance, she drew a last deep breath, and all was hushed in silence."

Franz Delitzsch in his "Biblical Psychology" remarks:—"That man continues self-conscious throughout death, and that it is possible for him to live although he dies. This is the operation of redeeming grace, which, for all who lay hold on it, changes death into life, and permits us sometimes to behold in the countenance of dying persons the bright gleam of the Heaven opened to them."

He gives a remarkable account of the death of a young lad which is recorded in a book to which he refers, and which was "confirmed" to him "by an eye-witness." He tells us:—"About half-past one o'clock he bowed his dear head, the eye appeared broken. Then at once he folded his hands,

raised his head, opened his eyes wide, and looked in silent amazement for about two minutes upwards. An inexpressible loftiness sat upon his countenance, his eyes lightened, and his face was overflowed with a bright gleam. Full of amazement, and with the cry of astonishment, we stood around his bed. None of us, although some had already stood by many hundred death-beds, had ever seen such an one; it was a lightning flash of eternity, granted bodily for a few moments, according to God's gracious pleasure, to mortal, sinful eyes."

The Biographer of Dr. Marsh says:—"By the look of radiant joy, adoration, holy awe, and almost surprise, upon his face at the last, we felt that it was no angel guard alone that had come for him, but that his eyes had seen 'the King in His beauty; that he had not only been made 'most blessed for ever,' but also 'exceeding glad with his Saviour's countenance.'"

Scott the Commentator, about five minutes before his death, appeared to be lost in prayer, and then "the expression of his countenance suddenly changed," and gave a friend who saw him the impression "that the veil which intercepts eternal things from *our* view was removed, and that, like Stephen, he saw things invisible to mortal eye."

And this is in accordance with what Bathurst says of a dying Christian :—

"There is a radiance in his eye,
A smile upon his wasted cheek,
That seems to tell of glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak."

And as Parsons says of a dying friend :—

"Already to thy sense
The calm is perfect that we saw commence,
Ere the last breath had left thy lip, the while
Heaven's light seemed breaking on that parting smile."

Morley Punshon in "Morning and Evening Blessings" says :—"Death to the Christian is but the time of greatest triumph,

because the time of nearest home; just as autumnal tints are richest on the woodland, and the decaying forest trees wear gayest colours—as if, like so many Cæsars, they had gathered their imperial robes about them so seemlily to die; so the Christian has found often the strength most vigorous, and the peace the stillest and divinest, when the shadow has gathered on the countenance. Be comforted, my brother, whom the thought of death hath oftentimes oppressed with a strange, heavy disquiet; be comforted, God will be glorified in thy death, if thou but aim to glorify Him in thy life."

Henry Allen in "Faith and Free Thought" writes:—"I have, during the thirty years of my ministerial life, stood by hundreds of death-beds. In the majority of instances faith has triumphed over all fear of death, over all love of life, even the tenderest affections have been overpowered by its hopes and visions. I have heard songs of

triumph from lips faltering through pain, and seen rapture beam from eyes that the films of death were darkening—often 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.'"

C. H. Spurgeon in one of his Sermons makes the following remarks:—"Dying Christians, when the solemn hour approaches, and they are in the article of death—perhaps after they have been very much disturbed and afflicted—on a sudden a great stillness comes over them, like the softness of the Sabbath eve in some far off dell, where the hum of cities can never reach. There you look on the man, he is dying; there is something unearthly about him, and he begins to talk in a different style from that in which he had ever spoken before. 'Hark! did you not hear that?' 'No,' say you; 'I heard nothing. What was it?' 'I did,' says he; 'I thought I heard music sweeter than any I had ever listened to before. What can it be? Oh yes!' he says; 'yonder they are. There,

there, there they are.' 'What are they?' you ask. 'I know not,' he replies; 'they seem to me to be the angels of God who have come to meet me.' You question the good man on some earthly topic. What is this? Does he really see those things, or is he dreaming? His reply to the question on the earthly topic convinces you that he is still in his clear and natural senses, and in the full possession of them; and when he has thus satisfied you of his sanity—'Yes, I see it!' he exclaims; 'O Glory, how bright thou art; how sweet thou art! I am dying—I feel that I am dying—it seems not like dying—I feel that I am but beginning to live; Heaven is coming down to me, and I am going up to it.' I cannot repeat more of these sayings that have been uttered by God's children; they are something more than uninspired. I feel quite certain that many of those who die in the Lord see Heaven before they get into it; hear its melodies, and almost join in worship

before they get there. It seems as if the Lord takes away the veil which hides from us the unseen; just as the spirit stands on the verge of eternity, sunlight streams into the eyes of dying saints; they have climbed the top of Nebo, and viewed the landscape o'er."

In another of his Sermons he further says:—"I am convinced from my own experience, that, not to a few, but to many dying saints, something more is given than the mere realisation of faith. Much more frequently than we suppose supernatural glimpses of the divine splendour are vouchsafed to saints in the hour of their departure. I have heard persons, comparatively uninstructed, and certainly unimaginative, speak of what they have seen in their last hour, in such a way that I am certain they never borrowed their expressions from books, but must have seen what they described. There has been a freshness about their descriptions which has convinced me they did see what

r assured me they beheld; and, more-
:, the joy which resulted from it, the
iescence in the divine will, the patience
ı which they have borne suffering, have
e far to prove that they were not under
influence of an idle imagination, but
e really enabled to look within the veil.
flesh in its weakness becomes, if I may
ay, a rarefied medium. The mists are
vn away, the obscuring veil grows thin-
and through the thin places and the
s the heavenly glory shines. Oh, how
e will a man fear death, or care about
ı, if he expects to breathe out his soul
ı better Pisgah than Moses ever climbed."
he poet Pope, in wonderful and expres-
language, represents "The Dying
istian" as saying to his soul :—

"Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife
And let me languish into life.

"Hark! they whisper, angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

"The world recedes, it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?"

Guizot, whose death seems to have been very gradual and quiet, appears to have experienced the feeling that the world was gradually receding from him. In a letter from Val Richer it is said of him:—"His passage from this life to another was unmarked by moral or physical struggle. M. Guizot felt no pain, and suffered from no darkness of spirit. There were no flickerings of the vital flame. The spark of life gradually went out. There was a three weeks' spell of somnolence, with short periods of languid wakefulness, in which

M. Guizot told those around him that he experienced the sensation felt by aërial travellers when their balloon rises from the ground. Each time he awoke earth appeared more distant. He had lost the interest which used to be so keen in politics, his country-seat, and his unfinished 'Child's History of France.' A vivid sense of the supernatural came upon him. 'His thoughts in this state,' he said, 'clustered round the daughter he had the misfortune to lose last May.'"

Dr. Nelson, an eminent American physician, who was long an infidel, but afterwards became a Christian and a minister of the Gospel, watched and recorded during a course of years the various circumstances attending man's departure.

Some of the results of his observations and experiences are thus given by him in his work, called "Infidelity, its Cause and Cure."

He says:—"While attending medical lec-

tures at Philadelphia, I heard from the lady with whom I boarded an account of certain individuals, who were dead, to all appearance, during the prevalence of the yellow fever in that city, and yet recovered. The fact that they saw, or fancied they saw, things in the world of spirits, awakened my curiosity.

"She told me of one with whom she was acquainted, who was so confident of his discoveries, that he had seemingly thought of little else afterwards, and it had then been twenty-four years. These things appeared philosophically strange to me, for the following reasons:—

"First, those who from bleeding or from any other cause reach a state of *syncope*, or the ordinary fainting condition, think not at all, or are unable to remember any mental action. When they recover, it appears that the mind was suspended, or they were unable to recollect its operations. There are those who believe on either side

of this question. Some contend for suspension; others deny it, but say we never can recall thoughts formed while the mind is in that state, for reasons not yet understood. Secondly, those who, in approaching death, reach the first state of insensibility and recover from it, are unconscious of any mental activity, and have no thoughts which they can recall. Thirdly, if this is so, why then should those who had travelled further into the land of death, and had sunk deeper into the condition of bodily inaction, when recovered, be conscious of mental action, and remember thoughts more vivid than ever had flashed across their souls in the health of boyhood, under a vernal sun, and on a plain of flowers?

"After this I felt somewhat inclined to watch, when it became my business year after year to stand by the bed of death. That which I saw was not calculated to protract and deepen the slumbers of infidelity, but rather to dispose towards a

degree of restlessness, or, at least, to further observation. I knew that the circle of stupor, or insensibility, drawn around life, and through which all either pass, or seem to pass, who go out of life, was urged by some to prove that the mind could not exist unless it be in connection with organized matter. For the same reason, others have contended that our souls must sleep until the morning of the resurrection, when we shall regain our bodies. That which I witnessed for myself pushed me, willing or unwilling, in a different direction. Before I relate these facts, I must offer something which may illustrate to a certain extent the thoughts towards which they pointed.

"If we were to stand on the edge of a very deep ditch or gulf, on the distant verge of which a curtain hangs which obstructs the view, we might feel a wish to know what is beyond it, or whether there is any light in that unseen land. Suppose we

were to let down a ladder, protracted greatly in its length, and ask a bold adventurer to descend and make discoveries. He goes to the bottom, and then returns, telling us that there he could see nothing; that all was total darkness. We might very naturally infer the absence of light there; but if we concluded that his powers of vision had been annihilated, or that there could surely be no light in the land beyond the curtain, because, to reach that land, a very dark ravine must be crossed, it would have been weak reasoning; so much so, that, if it contented us, we must be easily satisfied. It gave me pain to notice many, nay, many physicians, who, on these very premises, or on something equally weak, were quieting themselves in the deduction that the soul sees no more after death. Suppose this adventurer descends again, and then ascends the other side so near the top that he can reach the curtain and slightly lift it. When he returns, he tells

us that his vision had been suspended *totally* as before; but that he went nearer the distant land, and it was revived again; that, as the curtain was lifted, he saw brighter light than he had ever seen before. We would say to him, 'For a certain distance vision is suspended; but inaction is not loss of sight. Only travel on further and you will see again.' We can understand that any one might go to the bottom of that ravine a thousand times; he might remain there for days, and, if he went no further, he could tell on his return nothing of the unseen regions.

"Something like this was illustrated by the facts noted during many years' employment in the medical profession. A few cases may be taken as examples.

"I was called to see a female who departed under an influence which causes the patient to faint again and again, more and still more profoundly, until life is extinct. When recovered from the first condition of

syncope, she appeared as unconscious, or as destitute of activity of spirit, as others usually do. She sunk again and revived; it was still the same. She fainted more profoundly still; and, when awake again, she appeared as others usually do who have no thoughts which they can recall. At length she appeared entirely gone. It did seem as though the struggle was for ever past. Her weeping relatives clasped their hands and exclaimed, 'She is dead!' but, unexpectedly she waked once more, and, glancing her eyes on one who sat near, exclaimed, 'Oh, Sarah, I was at an entirely new place!' and then sunk to remain insensible to the things of this world.

"Why she, like others in fainting, should have no thoughts which she could recall, when not so near death as she afterwards was when she had thought, I could not clearly explain. Why her greatest activity of mind appeared to happen during her nearest approach to the future world, and

while so near that from that stage scarcely any ever return who once reach it, seemed somewhat perplexing to me. I remembered that in the case recorded by Dr. Rush, where the man recovered who was to all appearance entirely dead, his activity of mind was unusual. He thought he heard and saw things unutterable. He did not know whether he was altogether dead or not. St. Paul says he was in a condition so near to death, that he could not tell whether he was out of the body or not; but that he heard things unutterable. I remember that Tennant, of New Jersey, and his friends, could not decide whether or not he had been out of the body; but he appeared to be so for some days, and thought his discoveries unutterable. The man who cuts his finger and faints, recovering speedily, has no thoughts, or remembers none; he does not approach the distant edge of the ravine. These facts appear to me poorly calculated to

advance the philosophical importance of one who has discovered from sleep, or from syncope, that there is no other existence, because this is all which we have seen.

"In the cases of those who, recovering from yellow fever, thought they had enjoyed intercourse with the world of spirits, they were individuals who had appeared to be dead.

"The following fact took place in recent days. Similar occurrences impressed me during years of observation. In the city of St. Louis, a female departed who had a rich portion of the comforts of Christianity. It was after some kind of spasm that was strong enough to have been the death struggle, that she said in a whisper, being unable to speak aloud, to her young pastor, 'I had a sight of home, and I saw my Saviour.'

"There were others who, after wading as far as that which seemed to be the middle of the river, and returning, thought they

had seen a different world, and that they had had an antepast of hell. But these cases we pass over; and next look at the facts which point along the same road we have been travelling.

"I was surprised to find that the condition of mind in the case of those who were dying, and those who *thought* themselves dying, differed very widely. I had supposed that the joy or the grief of death originated from the fancy of the patient, one supposing himself very near to great happiness, and the other expecting speedy suffering. My discoveries seemed to overturn this theory. Why should not the professor of religion, who believes himself dying when he really is not, rejoice as readily as when he *is* departing, if his joy is the offspring of expectation? Why should not the alarm of the scoffer who believes himself dying, and is not, be as uniform and as decisive as when he is in the river, if it comes of

fancied evil or cowardly terrors? The same questions I asked myself again and again. I have no doubt that there is some strange reason connected with our natural disrelish for truth, which causes so many physicians, after seeing such facts so often, never to observe them. During twenty years of observation, I found the state of the soul belonging to the dying was uniformly and materially unlike that of those who only supposed themselves departing. This is best made plain by noting cases which occurred.

"1. There was a man who believed himself converted, and his friends, judging from his walk, hoped with him. He was seized with disease, and believed himself within a few paces of the gate of futurity. He felt no joy, his mind was dark and his soul clouded. His exercises were painful, and the opposite of every enjoyment. He was not dying. He recovered. He had not been in the death-stream. After this he

was taken ill again. He believed himself dying, and he was not mistaken. All was peace, serenity, hope, triumph.

"2. There was a man who mocked at holy things. He became seriously diseased, and supposed himself sinking into the death slumber. He was not frightened. His fortitude and his composure were his pride, and the boast of his friends. The undaunted firmness with which he could enter futurity was spoken of exultingly. It was a mistake. He was not in the condition of dissolution. His soul never had been on the line between two worlds. After this he was taken ill again. He supposed as before that he was entering the next state, and he really was; but his soul seemed to feel a different atmosphere. The horrors of these scenes have been often described, and are often seen. I need not endeavour to picture such a departure here. The only difficulty in which I was thrown by such cases was, 'Why was he not thus agonized before,

when he thought himself departing? Can it be possible that we can stand so precisely on the dividing line, that the gale from both this and the coming world may blow upon our cheek? Can we have a taste of the exercises of the next territory before we enter it?' When I attempted to account for this on the simple ground of bravery and cowardice, I was met by the two following facts:—

"First, I have known those—the cases are not unfrequent—who were brave, who had stood unflinching in battle's whirlpool. They had resolved never to disgrace their system of unbelief by a trembling death. They had called to Christians in the tone of resolve, saying, 'I can die as coolly as you can.' I had seen those die from whom entire firmness might fairly be expected. I had heard groans, even if the teeth were clenched for fear of complaint, such as I never wish to hear again; and I had looked into countenances, such as I hope never to see again.

"Again, I had seen those depart who were naturally timid, who expected themselves to meet death with fright and alarm. I had heard such, as it were, sing before Jordan was half forded. I had seen faces where, paled as they were, I beheld more celestial triumph than I had ever witnessed anywhere else. In that voice there was a sweetness, and in that eye there was a glory, which I never could have fancied in the death-spasms, if I had not been near.

"The condition of the soul when the death-stream is entered is not the same with that which it often becomes when it is almost passed. The brave man who steps upon the ladder across the dark ravine, with eye undaunted and haughty spirit, changes fearfully, in many cases, when he comes near enough to the curtain to lift it. The Christian who goes down the ladder pale and disconsolate, oftentimes starts with exultation and tries to burst into a song, when almost across.

"A revolutionary officer, wounded at the battle of Germantown, was praised for his patriotism. The war ended, but he continued still to fight, in a different way, under the banner of One whom he called the Captain of his salvation. The applause of man never made him too proud to talk of the Man of Calvary. The hurry of life's driving pursuits could not consume all his time, or make him forget to kneel by the side of his consort, in the circle of his children, and anticipate a happy meeting in a more quiet clime.

"To abbreviate this history, his life was such that those who knew him believed, if any one ever did die happily, this man would be one of that class. I saw him when the time arrived. He said to those around him, 'I am not as happy as I could wish, nor as I had expected. I cannot say that I distrust my Saviour, for I know in whom I have believed; but I have not that pleasing readiness to depart. which I had

looked for.' This distressed his relatives beyond expression. His friends were greatly pained, for they had looked for triumph. His departure was very slow, and still his language was, 'I have no exhilaration or delightful readiness in my travel.' The weeping circle pressed around him. Another hour passed. His hands and his feet became entirely cold. The feeling of heart remained the same. Another hour passes, and his vision has grown dim, but the state of his soul is unchanged. His daughter seemed as though her body could not sustain her anguish of spirit, if her father should cross the valley before the cloud passed from his sun. Before his hearing vanished, she made an agreement with him that at any stage as he travelled on, if he had a discovery of advancing glory, or a foretaste of heavenly delight, he should give her a certain token with his hand; his hands he could still move, cold as they were. She sat holding his hand hour after hour.

In addition to his sight, his hearing at length failed. After a time he appeared almost unconscious of anything, and the obstructed breathing peculiar to death was advanced near its termination, when he gave the token to his pale, but now joyous daughter; and the expressive flash of exultation was seen to spread itself through the stiffening muscles of his face. When his child asked him to give a signal if he had any happy view of heavenly light, with the feelings and opinions I once owned, I could have asked, 'Do you suppose that the increase of the death-chill will add to his happiness? Are you to expect, that as his eyesight leaves, and as his hearing becomes confused, and his breathing convulsed, and as he sinks into that cold, fainting, sickening condition of pallid death, his exultation is to commence?'

"It did then commence. Then is the time when many who enter the dark valley cheerless, begin to see something that trans-

ports; but some are too low to tell of it, and their friends think they departed under a cloud, when they really did not. It is at this stage of the journey that the enemy of God, who started with look of defiance and words of pride, seems to meet with that which alters his views and expectations; but he cannot tell it, for his tongue can no longer move.

"My attention was awakened very much by observing the *dying fancies* of the servants of this world, differing with such characteristic singularity from the fancies of the departing Christian. It is no uncommon thing for those who die to believe they see, or hear, or feel that which appears only fancy to bystanders. Their friends believe that it is the overturning of their intellect. I am not about to enter into the discussion of the question, whether it is or is not always fancy. Some attribute it to more than fancy; but inasmuch as in many instances the mind is deranged while its

habitation is falling into ruins, and inasmuch as it is the common belief that it is only imagination of which I am writing, we will look at it under the name of fancy.

"The fanciful views of the dying servants of sin, and of the devoted friends of Christ, were strangely different as far as my observation extended. One who had been an entire sensualist and a mocker at religion, while dying, appeared in his senses in all but one thing. 'Take that black man from the room,' said he. He was answered that there was none in the room. He replied, 'There he is, standing near the window. His presence is very irksome to me, take him out.' After a time, again and again his call was, 'Will no one remove him? There he is; surely some one will take him away.'

"I was mentioning to another physician my surprise that he should have been so much distressed even if there had been many blacks in the room, for he had been waited on by them day and night for many

years; and also my wonder that the mind had not been diseased in some other respect, when he told me the names of two others, his patients, men of similar lives, who were tormented with the same fancy, and in the same way, while dying.

"A young female, who called the Man of Calvary her greatest friend, was, when dying, in her senses in all but one particular. 'Mother,' she would say, pointing in a certain direction, 'do you see those beautiful creatures?' Her mother would answer, 'No; there is no one there, my dear.' She would reply, 'Well, that is strange. I never saw such countenances and such attire. My eye never rested on anything so lovely.' 'Oh,' says one, 'this is all imagination, and the notions of a mind collapsing; wherefore tell of it?' My answer is, that I am not about to dispute, or to deny that it is fancy; but the fancies differ in features and in texture. Some in their derangement call out, 'Catch me, I am

sinking; hold me, I am falling;' others say, 'Do you hear that music? Oh, were ever notes so celestial!' This kind of notes, and these classes of fancies, belonged to different classes of individuals, and *who they were*, was the item which attracted my wonder."

CHAPTER X.

REMARKABLE TESTIMONIES.

"Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Nor Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore."

In the Gospel according to St. John, an account is given of the great impression made upon the mind of Nathanael, when he knew he had been seen by Christ "under the fig-tree," and which caused him to exclaim, "Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God; Thou art the King of Israel!" We are told that "Jesus answered and said unto him, Because I said unto thee I saw thee under the fig-tree, believest thou? thou shalt see greater things than these. And He saith unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto you, hereafter ye shall see heaven

open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man."

This saying gives additional interest to the wonderful account of the death of the first martyr Stephen, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. It appears that he was "a man full of faith and power," and "did great wonders and miracles among the people." Some of those of the synagogue, who were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake, "set up false witnesses," who charged him with speaking "blasphemous words." About this time a remarkable change seems to have taken place in the expression of his countenance, for it is stated, "All that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."

He was then permitted to answer to the accusation of blasphemy, and he did this so effectually, that "they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth."

"But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God. Then they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city, and stoned him; and the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet, whose name was Saul. And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And, when he had said this, he fell asleep."

C. H. Spurgeon in one of his Sermons remarks, "that this model departure, which is given in Scripture as a type of Christian deaths, has this for its ensign, that Christ was visible; and such shall be the character of our departure, if through faith

we are one with Christ; therefore let us not fear."

The Apostle Paul records in his Epistle to Timothy, his own state of mind, when he calmly contemplated the prospect of death. He says:—"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."

Baxter in his "Saint's Rest" says:—"No men have greater need of supporting joys than dying men; and those joys must be fetched from our eternal joy. As heavenly thoughts are sweetest, when nothing earthly is joined with them, so the delights of dying Christians are oftentimes the sweetest they ever had."

It is always most delightful to those who

witness the departure of Christian friends, to be able to realize their blessed and happy condition, as evidenced by their experience in the hour of death. Thus the Author of "A Light for the Line" gives a most interesting account of the death of Thomas Ward. This young man, who for some time had led a consistent Christian life, had his arm wrenched off in a railway accident. Although his symptoms were favourable at first, his wound inflamed, and he died.

A short time before his death he was in great agony of mind, as he thought that his Saviour had forsaken him. He poured out his soul in the most fervent prayer, and his friends prayed by his bedside, after which, as one of them says, "For a moment I waited, and turning my eyes towards the dying man, 'beheld his face,' as it is written of the first martyr, 'as it were the face of an angel.' A glory shed over and around it, and was shining through those dying eyes with surpassing splendour.

"Words were now breathed by his lips, yet too faint for human ear to catch. The pulse had ceased to beat, except by occasional flickering. At length he said with a strong effort, 'Oh, do you see Him? I see him now. He is here. He is near. He is with me. He is around me. He will never let me go. How could I ever doubt Him? He is the Saviour of sinners. He is *my* Saviour. Jesus is mine, and I am His. His blood has bought me. I never knew what He is till now. Oh! tell them all to come to Him, to come *Now*. Tell every man you meet. Christ for every man! I say;' and his mellow voice rang through the room, '*Jesus Christ for every man.*'"

"He paused for breath, then gently added—'My blessed, blessed Saviour! World without end. Amen. Blessed, blessed Jesus.' These were his last words. The glorious light still shone about his face; and as the clock struck one, on the Sabbath morning, he entered into life eternal."

Brownlow North when dying said:— "I have often thought that the verse on which I should like to die is, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin;' that is the verse on which I am now dying. One wants no more. I have perfect peace." A day before this he had said, "I used to have a great shrinking from death, but that is all gone."

Augustus M. Toplady died in the year 1778, at the age of thirty-seven. Shortly after this a small narrative was published, comprising some of his observations and remarks, committed to writing, at the time, by a few persons who were present at his last illness.

The following particulars are taken from "Christian Biography:"—

"When he drew near his end, he said, waking from a slumber, 'Oh, what delights! who can fathom the joys of the third heaven.' And, a little before his departure, he was blessing and praising God for con-

tinuing to him his understanding in clearness; but, added he in a rapture, 'for what is most of all, His abiding presence, and the shining of His love upon my soul. The sky,' says he, 'is clear; there is no cloud. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!'

"Within an hour of his death he called his friends and his servants, and asked them if they could give him up; and upon their answering in the affirmative—since it pleased the Lord to be so gracious to him—he replied, 'Oh, what a blessing it is you are made willing to give me up into the hands of my dear Redeemer, and to take part with me! It will not be long before God takes me; for no mortal man can live (bursting, while he said it, into tears of joy) after the glories which God has manifested to my soul. Soon after this he closed his eyes, and found, as Milton finely expresses it—

'A death-like sleep,
A gentle wasting to immortal life.'"

A remarkable account of the "Last Days of the Rev. Dr. Payson" is given in "Christian Biography." He was pastor of a church in Portland, Maine, North America, where he died, October 22, 1827, aged forty-four.

"During much of the last year of his life he suffered the most severe bodily anguish. His right arm and left side lost all power of motion, and the flesh became insensible to external applications, while internally he experienced a sensation of burning, which he compared to a stream of liquid fire poured through his bones. He continued a part of his public ministrations for some months after this attack. On the 19th of September 1827, he dictated the following letter to his sister:—

"'Were I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan, I might date this letter from the land of Beulah, of which I have been for some weeks a happy inhabitant. The celestial city is full in my view. Its glories

beam upon me, its breezes fan me, its odours are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears but as an insignificant rill that may be crossed at a single step, whenever God shall give permission. The Sun of Righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as He approached; and now He fills the whole hemisphere, pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun; exulting, yet almost trembling, while I gaze on this excessive brightness.

"'A single heart and a single tongue seem altogether inadequate to my wants. I want a whole heart for every separate emotion, and a whole tongue to express that emotion. But why do I speak thus of myself and my feelings? why not speak only of our God and Redeemer? It is because I

know not what to say. When I would speak of them, my words are all swallowed up. I can only tell you what effects their presence produces, and even of these I can tell you but very little. O my sister, my sister! could you but know what awaits the Christian; could you only know so much as I know, you could not refrain from rejoicing, and even leaping for joy! Labours, trials, troubles would be nothing; you would rejoice in afflictions, and glory in tribulations; and, like Paul and Silas, sing God's praises in the darkest night, and in the deepest dungeon. You have known a little of my trials and conflicts, and know that they have been neither few nor small; and I hope this glorious termination of them will serve to strengthen your faith, and elevate your hope.'

"On September 23d, he said, 'Last night I had a full clear view of death, as the king of terrors; how he comes and crowds the poor sinner to the very verge of the preci-

pice of destruction, and then pushes him down headlong! But I felt that I had nothing to do with this; and I loved to sit like an infant at the feet of Christ, who saved me from this fate. I felt that death was disarmed of all its terrors; all he could do would be to touch me, and let my soul loose to go to my Saviour.'

"He directed invitations to be given from the pulpit to all the members of his congregation to visit him in classes. To the heads of families he said:—

" 'It has often been remarked, that people who have been into the other world cannot come back to tell us what they have seen; but I am so near the eternal world, that I can see almost as clearly as if I were there; and I see enough to satisfy myself, at least, of the truth of the doctrines which I have preached. I do not know that I should feel at all surer had I been really there. It is always interesting to see others in a situation in which we know that we must shortly

be placed ourselves; and we all know that we must die. And how melancholy is it to see a poor creature, when, after an alternation of hopes and fears, he finds that his disease is mortal, and death comes to tear him away from everything he loves, and drives him to the very verge of the precipice of destruction, and then thrusts him down headlong —there he is, cast into an unknown world; no friend, no Saviour to receive him! Oh, how different is this from the state of a man who is prepared to die! He is not obliged to move reluctantly along; but the other world comes like a great magnet, to draw him away from this; and he knows that he is going to enjoy (and not only knows, but begins to taste it) perfect happiness; for ever and ever; for ever and ever!'

"He said to the young men of his congregation, assembled in his chamber:—'My young friends, you will all one day be obliged to embark on the same voyage on

which I am just embarking; and as it has been my especial employment, during my past life, to recommend to you a Pilot to guide you through this voyage, I wished to tell you what a precious Pilot He is, that you may be induced to choose Him for yours. I felt desirous that you might see that the religion I have preached can support me in death. You know that I have many ties which bind me to earth; a family to whom I am strongly attached, and a people whom I love almost as well; but the other world acts like a much stronger magnet, and draws my heart away from this.

"'Death comes every night, and stands by my bed-side in the form of terrible convulsions, every one of which threatens to separate the soul from the body. These continue to grow worse and worse, until every bone is almost dislocated with pain, leaving me with the certainty that I shall have it all to endure again the next night. Yet, while my body is thus tortured, the

soul is perfectly, perfectly happy and peaceful, more happy than I can possibly express to you. I lie here, and feel these convulsions extending higher and higher; but my soul is filled with joy unspeakable. I seem to swim in a flood of glory which God pours down upon me. And I know, I know, that my happiness is but begun; I cannot doubt that it will last for ever.

"'And now, standing, as I do, on the ridge which separates the two worlds; feeling what intense happiness or misery the soul is capable of sustaining; judging of your capacities by my own, and believing that those capacities will be filled to the very brim with joy or wretchedness for ever; can it be wondered at, that my heart yearns over you, my children, that you may choose life and not death? Is it to be wondered at that I long to present every one of you with a cup full of happiness, and see you drink it; and that I long to have you make the same choice which I

made, and from which springs all my happiness?'

"While speaking of the rapturous views he had of the heavenly world, he was asked if it did not seem almost like the clear light of vision, rather than that of faith. 'Oh!' he replied, 'I don't know, it is too much for the poor eyes of my soul to bear! they are almost blinded with the excessive brightness. All I want is to be a mirror, to reflect some of those rays to those around me.'

"A friend remarked, 'I presume it is no longer incredible to you, if ever it was, that martyrs should rejoice and praise God in the flames and on the rack.' 'No,' said he, 'I can easily believe it. I have suffered twenty times—yes, to speak within bounds—twenty times as much as I could in being burnt at the stake, while my joy in God so abounded as to render my sufferings not only tolerable, but welcome. The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be

compared with the glory that shall revealed.'

"At another time he said, 'Hitherto have viewed God as a fixed star, brig indeed, but often intercepted by cloud but now He is coming nearer and neare and spreads into a Sun so vast and glorious that the sight is too dazzling for flesh and blood to sustain. I see clearly that all these same glorious and dazzling perfections, which now only serve to kindle my affections into a flame, and to melt down my soul into the same blessed image, would burn and scorch me like a consuming fire, if I were an impenitent sinner.'

"On October 21st, his last agony commenced. This holy man, who had habitually said of his racking pains, 'These are God's arrows, but they are all sharpened with love' —and who, in the extremity of suffering, had been accustomed to repeat, as a favourite expression, 'I will bless the Lord at all times' —had yet the 'dying strife' to encounter.

"Several members of his church were ɔllected at his bedside. He smiled on them ll, but said little, as his power of utterance ad nearly failed. Once he exclaimed, Peace! peace! Victory! victory!'

"On Monday morning, October 22d, his ying agonies returned, in all their extre- ıity. With the greatest difficulty he was nabled to articulate the words, 'Faith and atience.' After this, there was no visible ıdication of the return of his sufferings; e gradually sank away, till about the going own of the sun, when his happy spirit was ɜt at liberty to be with Christ."

CHAPTER XI.

JOHN BUNYAN'S DESCRIPTIONS.

"One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now."

JOHN BUNYAN in "The Pilgrim's Progress" describes the deaths of Christians of a great variety of temperament and character. Thus, Greatheart says of Fearing:—

"But when he was come to the entrance of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I thought I should have lost my man; not for that he had any inclination to go back; that he always abhorred; but he was ready to die for fear. 'Oh, the hobgoblins will have me! Oh, the hobgoblins will have me!' cried he, and I could not beat him out of it. He made such a noise and such an

outcry here, that had they but heard him, it was enough to encourage them to come and fall upon us. But this I took very great notice of, that this Valley was as quiet when we went through it, as ever I knew it before or since.

"When he was come to Vanity Fair, I thought he would have fought with all the men in the Fair. I feared that we should have been both knocked on the head, so hot was he against their fooleries. Upon the Enchanted Ground he was very wakeful. But when he was come at the river where was no bridge, there again he was in a heavy case. 'Now, now,' he said, 'he should be drowned for ever, and so never see that face with comfort, that he had come so many miles to behold.'

"And here also I took notice of what was very remarkable, the water of that river was lower at this time than ever I saw it in all my life, so he went over at last, not much above wetshod. When he was going up to

the gate, I began to take leave of him, and to wish him a good reception above. So he said, 'I shall, I shall.' Then parted we asunder, and I saw him no more."

We have also an account of the death of Christiana, and of various other characters, as follows:—

"Now the day drew on that Christiana must be gone. So the road was full of people to see her take her journey. But, behold, all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots, which were come down from above to accompany her to the city gate. So she came forth, and entered the river, with a beckon of farewell to those that followed her. The last words that she was heard to say were, 'I come, Lord, to be with Thee, and bless Thee!'

"In process of time, there came a post to the town again, and his business was with Mr. Ready-to-halt. So he inquired him out, and said, 'I am come from Him whom thou hast loved and followed, though upon

crutches; and my message is to tell thee, that He expects thee at His table to sup with Him in His kingdom, the next day after Easter; wherefore prepare thyself for this journey.' Then he also gave him a token that he was a true messenger, saying, 'I have broken thy golden bowl, and loosed thy silver cord' (Eccles. xii. 6).

"After this, Mr. Ready-to-halt called for his fellow-pilgrims, and told them, saying, 'I am sent for, and God shall surely visit you also.' When he came to the brink of the river he said, 'Now I shall have no more need of these crutches, since yonder are chariots and horses for me to ride on.' The last words he was heard to say were, 'Welcome life!' So he went his way.

"After this, Mr. Feeble-mind had tidings brought him that the post sounded his horn at his chamber-door. Then he came in, and told him, saying, 'I am come to tell thee that thy Master hath need of thee, and that in a very little time thou must behold His

face in brightness. And take this as a token of the truth of my message: 'Those that look out at the windows shall be darkened' (Eccles. xii. 3). Then Mr. Feeble-mind called for his friends, and told them what errand had been brought unto him, and what token he had received of the truth of the message. This done, and the day being come on which he was to depart, he entered the river as the rest. His last words were, 'Hold out, faith and patience!' So he went over to the other side.

"When days had many of them passed away, Mr. Despondency was sent for; for a post was come, and brought this message to him, 'Trembling man! these are to summon thee to be ready with the King by the next Lord's day, to shout for joy for thy deliverance from all thy doubtings.' And, said the messenger, that my message is true, take this for proof, 'So He gave him a grasshopper to be a burden unto him' (Eccles. xii. 5).

"Now Mr. Despondency's daughter, whose name was Much-afraid, said, when she heard what was done, that she would go with her father. When the time was come for them to depart, they went up to the brink of the river. The last words of Mr. Despondency were, 'Farewell, night; welcome, day!' His daughter went through the river singing, but no one could understand what she said.

"Then it came to pass awhile after, that there was a post in the town that inquired for Mr. Honest. So he came to the house where he was, and delivered to his hand these lines, 'Thou art commanded to be ready against this day se'ennight, to present thyself before thy Lord, at His Father's house,' and for a token that my message is true: 'All the daughters of music shall be brought low' (Eccles. xii. 4). When the day that he was to be gone was come, he addressed himself to go over the river. Now the river at that time overflowed its

banks in some places; but Mr. Honest in his lifetime had spoken to one Good-conscience to meet him there, the which he also did, and lent him his hand, and so helped him over. The last words of Mr. Honest were, 'Grace reigns!' So he left the world.

"After this it was noised abroad that Mr. Valiant-for-truth was sent for by a summons, by the same post as the other, and had this for a token that the summons was true: 'That his pitcher was broken at the fountain' (Eccles. xii. 6). When he understood it, he called for his friends, and told them of it. Then said he, 'I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I have got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the troubles I have been at to arrive where I am. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles, who will now be my rewarder.' When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him

to the river side, into which as he went he said, 'Death, where is thy sting?' And as he went down deeper, he said, 'Grave, where is thy victory?' (1 Cor. xv. 55.) So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

"Then there came forth a summons for Mr. Standfast. This Mr. Standfast was he whom the pilgrims found upon his knees in the Enchanted Ground. And the post brought it him open in his hands; the contents whereof were, that he must prepare for a change of life, for his Master was not willing that he should be so far from him any longer. At this Mr. Standfast was put into a muse. 'Nay,' said the messenger, 'you need not doubt the truth of my message; for here is a token of the truth thereof, 'Thy wheel is broken at the cistern' (Eccles. xii. 6).

"When Mr. Standfast had set things in order, and the time being come for him to haste him away, he also went down to the

river. Now there was a great calm at that time in the river; wherefore Mr. Standfast, when he was about half way in, stood awhile, and talked to his companions that had waited upon him thither. And he said, 'This river has been a terror to many; yea, the thoughts of it also have often frightened me; but now methinks I stand easy, my foot is fixed upon that on which the feet of the priests that bare the ark of the covenant stood while Israel went over Jordan. (Josh. iii. 17.) The waters indeed are to the palate bitter, and to the stomach cold; yet the thoughts of what I am going to, and of the convoy that wait for me on the other side, lie as a glowing coal at my heart. I see myself now at the end of my journey; my toilsome days are ended. I am going to see that head which was crowned with thorns, and that face which was spit upon for me. I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith; but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be

with Him in whose company I delight myself. I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of; and wherever I have seen the print of His shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too. His name has been to me sweeter than all perfumes. His voice to me has been most sweet; and His countenance I have more desired than they that have most desired the light of the sun. His words I did use to gather for my food, and for antidotes against my faintings. He has held me and hath kept me from mine iniquities; yea, my steps have been strengthened in His way.'

"Now while he was thus in discourse, his countenance changed, his strong man bowed under him; and after he had said, 'Take me, for I come unto thee,' he ceased to be seen of them.

"But glorious it was to see how the upper region was filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and pipers, with singers and players on stringed instruments,

to welcome the pilgrims as they went up, and followed one another in at the beautiful gate of the City."

The following is his description of the deaths of Christian and Hopeful :—

"Now I further saw, that betwixt them and the gate was a river; but there was no bridge to go over; and the river was very deep. At the sight therefore of this river, the pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went with them said, 'You must go through, or you cannot come at the gate.'

"The pilgrims then began to inquire if there was no other way to the gate. To which they answered, 'Yes; but there hath not any, save two, to wit, Enoch and Elijah, been permitted to tread that path since the foundation of the world, nor shall until the last trumpet shall sound.' The pilgrims then, especially Christian, began to despond, and looked this way and that, but no way could be found by them by which they might escape the river. Then they asked

the men if the waters were all of a depth. They said, 'No;' yet they could not help them in that case; 'for,' said they, 'you shall find it deeper or shallower as you believe in the King of the place.'

"They then addressed themselves to the water, and entering, Christian began to sink, and crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said, 'I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head, all His waves go over me. Selah.'

"Then said the other, 'Be of good cheer, my brother, I feel the bottom, and it is good.' Then said Christian, 'Ah, my friend, the sorrows of death have compassed me about; I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey.' And with that a great darkness and horror fell upon Christian, so that he could not see before him. Also here he in a great measure lost his senses, so that he could neither remember, nor orderly talk of any of those sweet refreshments that he had met with in the

way of his pilgrimage. But all the word that he spoke still tended to discover that he had horror of mind, and heart-fears that he should die in that river, and never obtain entrance in at the gate. Here also, as they that stood by perceived, he was much in the troublesome thoughts of the sins that he had committed, both since and before he began to be a pilgrim. It was also observed, that he was troubled with apparitions of hobgoblins and evil spirits; for ever and anon he would intimate so much by words.

"Hopeful therefore here had much ado to keep his brother's head above water; yea, sometimes he would be quite gone down, and then, ere awhile, he would rise up again half dead. Hopeful also would endeavour to comfort him, saying, 'Brother, I see the gate, and men standing by to receive us;' but Christian would answer, 'It is you, it is you they wait for; you have been Hopeful ever since I knew you.'

'And so have you,' said he to Christian. 'Ah, brother,' said he, 'surely if I was right, He would now arise to help me; but for my sins He hath brought me into the snare, and hath left me.' Then said Hopeful, 'My brother, you have quite forgot the text where it is said of the wicked, "There are no bands in their death, but their strength is firm; they are not troubled as other men, neither are they plagued like other men" (Psa. lxxiii. 4, 5). These troubles and distresses that you go through in these waters, are no sign that God hath forsaken you; but are sent to try you, whether you will call to mind that which heretofore you have received of His goodness, and live upon Him in your distresses.'

"Then I saw in my dream, that Christian was in a muse awhile. To whom also Hopeful added these words, 'Be of good cheer, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole.' And with that, Christian brake out with a loud voice, 'Oh, I see Him again; and He

tells me, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee"' (Isa. xliii. 2). Then they both took courage, and the enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone over. Christian, therefore, presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow. Thus they got over.

"Now, upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them. Wherefore, being come out of the river, they saluted them, saying, "We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those that shall be heirs of salvation." Thus they went towards the gate.

"Now you must note, that the City stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms, they had likewise left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went

in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the City was framed was higher than the clouds; they therefore went up through the regions of the air sweetly talking as they went, being comforted because they safely got over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

"The talk that they had with the shining ones was about the glory of the place; who told them that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. 'There,' said they, 'is the Mount Sion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect' (Heb. xii. 22, 23). 'You are going now,' said they, 'to the paradise of God, wherein you shall see the tree of life, and eat of the never-fading fruits thereof; and when you come there, you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King, even all the

days of eternity' (Rev. ii. 7; iii. 4, 5; xxii. 2). There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower region upon the earth—to wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death, 'for the former things are passed away' (Isa. lxv. 16, 17). 'You are going now to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob, and to the prophets, men that God hath taken away from the evil to come, and that are now resting upon their beds, each one walking in his righteousness.' The men then asked, 'What must we do in the holy place?' To whom it was answered, 'You must there receive the comfort of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your prayers, and tears, and sufferings for the King by the way' (Gal. vi. 7, 8). 'In that place you must wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and visions of the Holy One; for there you shall see Him as He is' (1 John

iii. 2). 'There also you shall serve Him continually with praise, with shouting and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the world, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh. There your eyes shall be delighted with seeing, and your ears with hearing the pleasant voice of the Mighty One. There you shall enjoy your friends again that are gone thither before you; and there you shall with joy receive, even every one that follows into the holy place after you. There also you shall be clothed with glory and majesty, and put into an equipage fit to ride out with the King of Glory. When He shall come with sound of trumpet in the clouds, as upon the wings of the wind, you shall come with Him; and when He shall sit upon the throne of judgment, you shall sit by Him; yea, and when He shall pass sentence upon all the workers of iniquity, let them be angels or men, you also shall have a voice in that judgment, because

they were His and your enemies. Also, when He shall again return to the City, you shall go too with sound of trumpet, and be ever with Him' (1 Thess. iv. 13-17; Jude 14, 15; Dan. vii. 9, 10; 1 Cor. vi. 2, 3).

"Now while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them; by whom it was said by the other two shining ones, 'These are the men that have loved our Lord, when they were in the world, and they have left all for His holy name; and He hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy.' Then the heavenly host gave a great shout, saying, 'Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb' (Rev. xix. 9). There came out also at this time to meet them several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who, with melodious noises and loud, made even

the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world; and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpet.

"This done, they compassed them round on every side; some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left (as it were to guard them through the upper regions), continually shouting as they went, with melodious noise, in notes on high; so that the very sight was to them that could behold it as if heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus therefore they walked on together; and, as they walked, ever and anon these trumpeters, even with joyful sound, would, by mixing their music with looks and gestures, still signify to Christian and his brother how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them. And now were these two men as it were in heaven, before

they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing of their melodious notes. Here also they had the City itself in view; and thought they heard all the bells therein to ring, to welcome them thereto. But, above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there with such company, and that for ever and ever, oh, by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed!—Thus they came up to the gate.

"Now when they were come up to the gate, there was written over in letters of gold, 'BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO HIS COMMANDMENTS, THAT THEY MAY HAVE RIGHT TO THE TREE OF LIFE, AND MAY ENTER IN THROUGH THE GATES INTO THE CITY' (Rev. xxii. 14).

"Then I saw in my dream that the shining men bid them call at the gate: the which when they did, some from above *looked* over the gate, to wit, Enoch, Moses,

and Elijah, etc., to whom it was said, 'These pilgrims are come from the City of Destruction, for the love that they bear to the King of this place,' and then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning; those therefore were carried in to the King, who, when He had read them, said, 'Where are the men!' To whom it was answered, 'They are standing without the gate.' The King then commanded to open the gate, 'that the righteous nation,' said He, 'that keepeth the truth, may enter in' (Isaiah xxvi. 2).

"Now I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured; and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them; the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the City rang

again for joy, and that it was said unto them, 'Enter ye into the joy of our Lord' (Matt. xxv. 23). I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, 'Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever' (Rev. v. 13).

"Now just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold, the City shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold; and in them walked many men, with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps, to sing praises withal.

"There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, 'Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord!' and after that they shut up the gates, which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them."

CHAPTER XII.

THE TERRORS OF DEATH.

"There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh, what eternal horrors hang,
Around the second death!"

In our intercourse with the world, we find that there are persons to be met with, who are ready to dispute every proposition, and to deny every statement made to them, except one, and that is, that sooner or later they must die; yet, although this truth is assented to by all, most of people go carelessly on, living and acting as if they were to live here for ever.

But death comes at last—

"And death, this messenger is stern and strong,
He spares not for our crying."

And then even the most thoughtless man says to himself what can I look forward to?—

"When this fleeting breath,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall freeze me all;"

and he begins to realize what Shakespeare describes as—

"The dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns;"

and then he feels how terribly true to his case are that poet's words when he says—

"Ay, but to die and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod.

"The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death."

Speaking of the "fearful and unbelieving," Hudson Taylor in a Missionary Address, says:—"Oh, how fearful the heathen are! You go to a heathen man and ask him what

re his thoughts about death. You will ind him full of fear. Men have described o me their feelings when very near their end. It is just what you might expect—a fearful looking forward to, they know not what. Conscience tells no lies in that hour, and it tells the dying sinner that there is no blessing awaiting him."

And for those who have exhausted life's pleasures, and have no hope beyond the grave, how scathing are the words of Bishop Magee. In his Sermons he says :— "The torture of satiety, the loathing of all things that comes on him who has enjoyed all, and wearied of all, is more intolerable far than that which the sharpest pain or sorrow brings, for it is hopeless. For the sufferer from this form of evil no change of circumstance can bring relief, there is for him no good, and he is therefore in terrible danger of believing that there is no God. The atheism of pleasure is far darker, far deadlier, than that of pain."

Dr. Chalmers in his Sermons asks:—"Whence the might, and whence the mystery of that spell, which so binds and so infatuates us to the world? What prompts us so to embark the whole strength of our eagerness and of our desires in pursuit of interests which we know a few little years will bring to utter annihilation? Who is it that imparts to them all the charm and all the colour of an unfailing durability? He who is called the god of this world." And Bishop Magee in his Sermons says:—"Against the overmastering tyranny of the visible, which ever war against the power of the invisible, let us set the thought of the awful, the truly supernatural character of this present life, the terrible strife of wills, in a world in which Satan contends with Christ for the souls of men."

It is well known that medical men, clergymen, and others, are occasionally witnesses of very miserable death-bed scenes. And D. L. Moody in one of his Addresses

says :—"Very soon after the American war of 1861 broke out, it pleased God to call me to work amongst the wounded and the dying soldiers. Ah, then, I saw plenty of death; and now I know there is a difference between the latter end of the righteous and the sinner. I have seen a man cursing, and calling upon God to damn his soul; and I have seen him die with that oath on his lips—taken at his word! Others I have seen cold and sullen, not caring what became of their souls. Others in all the conscious agonies of a lost soul, that felt its days on earth ended, that its opportunities were past, and that it was not saved. I have heard the screams of despair from those who were without hope; and I have also witnessed scenes of calm, placid death, even of joyous triumphant departure to be with Christ, on the part of those who have their feet on the Rock of Ages."

C. H. Spurgeon in one of his Sermons says :—"There are many cases in which

men seem to have seen frightful sights, and heard horrible sounds, before actually departing from the body. The death-beds of some wicked men have been so frightful, that even the nurses have been terrified. The wail of sorrow has been unapproachable and unparalleled."

It is not here intended to give particulars of the many distressing scenes, which, from time to time, have been witnessed and recorded by various persons. But it has been considered advisable to select a few cases of peculiar and melancholy interest.

The following Dialogue between Mrs. Barbauld and Death are said to have been the last lines she ever wrote :—

"Who are you?"
"Do you not know me? Have you not expected me?"
"Whither do you carry me?"
"Come with me, and you shall know."
"The way is dark."
"It is well trodden."
"Yes, in the forward track."
"Come along!"
"Oh! shall I see my beloved ones? . . . Will they

welcome me, and will they know me? Oh, tell me; tell me; thou canst tell me."

"Yes, but thou must come first."

"Stop a little; keep thy hand off till thou hast told me."

"I never wait."

"Oh, shall I see the warm sun again in my cold grave?"

"Nothing is there that can feel the sun."

"Oh, where then?"

"Come, I say."

The death of Napoleon I. is thus described in Alison's "History of Europe:"—"In the beginning of May he became rapidly worse, and on the evening of the 5th, at five minutes before six, he breathed his last. A violent storm of wind and rain at the same time arose, which tore up the trees in the island by their roots; it was amidst the war of the elements that his soul departed. The howling of the wind seemed to recall to the dying conqueror the roar of battle, and his last words were—'*Mon Dieu—La nation Française—Tête d'armée.*'"

Eugène Rouher was the most powerful Minister of Napoleon III.'s reign, he held office almost continuously during twenty

years. The painful illness, to which he succumbed, was seen from the first to be incurable. It is said that "for several months this statesman whose mind had been so unimaginative, whose nerves so cool, whose temper so rough and firm, saw visions and heard voices which terrified him, and died of melancholy which the most tender nursing of wife and daughter could not assuage."

The following remarkable Soliloquy is given by the Author of "The Dream of Gerontius:"—

"I can no more; for now it comes; again—
That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain;
That masterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes the man; as though I bent
Over the dizzy brink
Of some sheer infinite descent;
Or worse, as though
Down, down for ever, I was falling through
The solid framework of created things,
And needs must sink and sink
Into the vast abyss; and crueller still
A fierce and restless fright begins to fill
The mansion of my soul; and worse and worse,
Some bodily form of ill

Floats on the wind, with many a loathsome curse,
Tainting the hallowed air, and laughs and flaps
Its hideous wings,
And makes me wild with horror and dismay."

Chesterton in his "Revelations of Prison Life" gives the following remarkable account: —"A young man imprisoned under the name of Smith, for the unlawful possession of housebreaking implements, had been reduced by cholera to a state of irremediable collapse, and was fast sinking, when transfusion into the veins of tepid fluid was determined upon. This young fellow had already undergone a modified sentence of seven years' transportation, and, notwithstanding, again took up the practice of a burglar. His energies had become so subdued by the disease, that even transfusion appeared to hold out little hope of resuscitation. The action of the injected fluid, however, imparted instantaneous temporary vigour, and, like the sudden flame of an expiring candle, the whole frame seemed to start into fitful

agitation. The voice became clear and audible, though the mind still wandered. At this moment we had to mark a shocking but impressive exemplification of the ruling passion strong in death; for while all present consciousness seemed to forsake this prostrate man, the flickering energies of the soul worked with morbid excitement into a train of details incidental to a burglary. The contortions of the body were accompanied by such horrid ejaculations, as evidenced an absorbing interest in the imaginary task. Associates were named, and terms applicable to the police, the dark lantern, and the crow-bar were energetically enunciated; and, in such infamous dreaminess, this guilty man gradually passed into eternity."

Robert Boyle in his "Meditations" says:—"A death-bed is a wonderful reasoner; many a proud infidel hath it humbled and refuted, without a word, who but a short time before would have defied all the

ability of man to shake the foundation of his system."

Stephen Grellet in his Diary speaks as follows of the death of Tom Paine, which took place early in the present century:—"A few days previous to my leaving home, on my last religious visit, on hearing that he was ill, and in a very destitute condition, I went to see him, and found him in a very wretched state; for he had been so neglected and forsaken by his pretended friends, that the common attentions to a sick man had been withheld from him. The skin of his body was in some places worn off, which greatly increased his suffering. A nurse was provided for him, and some needful comforts were supplied. He was mostly in a state of stupor, but something that had passed between us had made such an impression upon him, that, some days after my departure, he sent for me, and on being told I was gone from home, he sent for another friend. This induced a valuable friend

(Mary Roscoe), who had resided in my family and continued at Greenwich during part of my absence, frequently to go and take him some little refreshment suitable for an invalid, furnished by a neighbour. Once when she was there, three of his deistical associates came to the door, and in a loud, unfeeling manner, said, 'Tom Paine, it is said you are turning Christian, but we hope you will die as you have lived,' and then went away. On which, turning to Mary Roscoe, he said, 'You see what miserable comforters they are.'

"Once he asked her if she had read any of his writings. And on being told that she had read but very little of them, he inquired what she thought of them, adding, 'from such a one as you I expect a correct answer.' She told him that when very young his 'Age of Reason' was put into her hands, but that the more she read in it, the more dark and distressed she felt, and she threw the book into the fire. 'I

wish all had done as you,' he replied; 'for if the devil had ever any agency in any work, he has had it in my writing that book.' When going to carry some refreshment, she repeatedly heard him uttering the language, 'O Lord! Lord God!' or, 'Lord Jesus! have mercy upon me!'"

Such was the closing scene of the life of Tom Paine, who had professed to be above the fear of death.

Barruel in his "History of the French Clergy" describes the death of the infidel Voltaire, as "the most terrible that is ever recorded to have stricken an impious man." He tells us that D'Alembert, Diderot, and about twenty others of his infidel companions, who had beset his apartment during his last illness, never approached him but to witness their own ignominy; and often he would curse them, and exclaim, "Retire! it is you that have brought me to my present state! Begone! I could have done without you all; but you could

not exist without me! And what a wretched glory have you procured me!"

"They could hear him, the prey of anguish and dread, alternately supplicating or blaspheming that God whom he had conspired against; and in plaintive accents would he cry out, 'O Christ! O Jesus Christ!' and then complain that he was abandoned by God and man. The time was coming apace when he was to appear before the tribunal of Him he had blasphemed; and his physicians, particularly M. Tronchin, called in to administer relief, thunderstruck, retired, declaring the death of the impious man to be terrible indeed. The Mareschal de Richelieu fled from the bedside, declaring it to be a sight too terrible to be sustained; and M. Tronchin exclaimed, 'That the furies of Orestes could give but a faint idea of those of Voltaire."

Statham in his "Indian Recollections" says:—"I one night visited the chief mate of a ship who was dying in great agony of

mind. When he knew who I was he eagerly stretched forth his hand, and, grasping mine with great strength, said, 'Dear sir, pray for me, pray for me.' I begged him to be calm, and said, 'I will pray for you, but let me beseech you not to waste your breath in vain exclamations and lamentations; pray for yourself. I will offer prayer, you must join with me.' 'Oh no, Sir, I cannot pray. My God! I never have prayed. No, Sir, I never shall pray. I feel I cannot; I cannot; I cannot; I am lost; I am lost; oh, that I had never been born!' I entreated him not to indulge in such a strain. I pointed out the value of the atoning blood of Christ; told him of the willingness of Christ to save the vilest of the vile; told him of the dying thief: but he would still cry out, 'Sir, this is not for me! I am lost! My father is in heaven. My mother will be there. I broke my father's heart. I despised their prayers, their counsels, and their entreaties, and now I cannot pray, I

cannot hope.' I began to read the Scriptures. He stopped me, saying, 'Pray for me directly.' I prayed; but, alas, every petition for mercy seemed only to aggravate his misery, and I could not proceed for his groans and cries. In this awful state he continued till about three o'clock in the morning, when he appeared to be more calm for about five minutes, during which period he seemed to listen very attentively to my words; but, just as I was kneeling down to pray again, he started up in his cot, and, looking fearfully around, grasped my hand with all the energy and convulsive power of a drowning man, and wildly shrieking and falling backwards, in indescribable agony, expired."

How true it is, that "he that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

For the time will come when God will say—"Because I have called, and ye re-

fused; I have stretched out My hand and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all My counsel, and would none of My reproof, I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call upon Me, but I will not answer; they shall seek Me early, but they shall not find Me, for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord, they would none of My counsel; they despised all My reproof, therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices."

A lost soul is described by Shakespeare as saying:—

"But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy warm blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,

> And each particular hair to stand on end,
> Like quills upon the fretful porcupine,
> But this eternal blazon must not be
> To ears of flesh and blood."

"The second death" is described in Revelation as the having part in "the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone."

Dr. Pusey in his "Lectures on Daniel" says:—"David knew of the second death, of a 'Sheol' into which the wicked 'and they that forget God' should be cast. When, then, under the sense of guilt, he says—'In death there is no remembrance of Thee,' he speaks not of death only, but of the sentence after an evil death."

The rich man mentioned in the Gospel of St. Luke, who, after his death, found himself among the lost souls in Hades, is described by our Lord as crying and saying, "Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame." He receives

no pity, but only the warning, that "between us and you there is a great gulf fixed, so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence."

Dr. Gall in "Primeval Man Unveiled," describes the Parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus, as "drawn in lines of light and fire, that dazzle and terrify," and says, "The feast and the flames, the tongue and the finger, the water and the gulf, are all evidently borrowed from the things of time and sense; but they have their counterpart in realities, of which we are entirely ignorant."

Reader, you will say, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." But are you willing to live the life of the righteous? You are surrounded by the things of time and sense, and so you are tempted to put the world first, and Christ second. You say it is difficult to act otherwise, but remember that

if Christianity is anything, it is everything.

If you have not already received Christ, the question arises, Do you really want Him in your heart? If you do, you must have "repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ," and then He will wash away your sins in His blood, the Holy Ghost will dwell in you, and you will be kept from falling.

Consider what Moses did. He "refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt." His faith enabled him to have "respect unto the recompense of the reward," and "to endure as seeing Him who is invisible."

Therefore, instead of becoming merely an eminent and powerful Egyptian, he appears before us as one of the greatest and most

honoured men that ever lived, with whom the Lord spake "mouth to mouth," and "whom the Lord knew face to face."

Moses was one of those infants, whom Pharaoh had commanded to be drowned. But that hard-hearted king little thought that this would be the manner of death of one of his successors and all his host, at the hand of this same Moses. For when the Israelites had taken their departure from Egypt, Moses at God's command "stretched forth his hand over the sea," and Pharaoh and all his host, who were pursuing them, were drowned. After this, Moses led God's chosen people to the borders of the Promised Land; and instead of his body after death being embalmed, and then perhaps eventually deposited in a museum, with the mummies of Egyptian kings and queens, we know that "the Lord buried him;" and more than 1500 years afterwards, he appeared to the astonished disciples at the time of the Transfiguration, in the company of

Elias, talking with Jesus. You see, therefore, how Moses put Christ first, and the world second, and that he received a rich reward.

Reader, act like Moses. Live "by faith" in Christ. Endure "as seeing Him who is invisible." Have "respect unto the recompense of the reward." See that you "live in the Spirit" and "walk in the Spirit," and so bring forth "the fruit of the Spirit."

Hay Aitken in "The Highway of Holiness" says:—"Reflect for a moment or two upon the inevitable; think, I beseech you, of what it is that lies before you. Do you complain, 'I shall have to give up the world if I come to Christ?' Yes, my friends, but you will also have to give it up if you don't; and long before you give it up, probably the world will have given up *you*. How would you like that? 'The world passeth away and the lust thereof,' and you cannot help it, do what you will."

Our Lord, however, does not keep back from the Christian the knowledge of the

difficulties with which he will have to contend, and which he must be prepared to face, for He says :—

"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me;" and also, "He that taketh not his cross and followeth after Me, is not worthy of Me."

On this subject Dr. Guthrie in "The Religion of Life" gives excellent advice when he says :—"Whatever be your cross, don't keep, with downcast head, looking at it; but raise your eyes to the Crown that hangs yonder in heaven, beyond the grave. This is a Crown of Life. Immortals wear it, and it is itself immortal, 'A Crown of Glory that fadeth not away.'"

Thus you may adopt the beautiful language used in "Songs of Eternal Life," and pray:—

"Thou hidden Life of every soul—Thou Light
Of that mysterious inner world of thought,
Oh give us grace to follow Thee aright,
From cross, and toil, and sorrow, shrinking not."

And, giving thanks to God, you may be able to realize in your life the value of the exhortation of St. Paul, who says :—"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

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